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SALVE!—January 1, 1876.

BY ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

The sweet new year, the glad new year! To watchers all around
The silver bells from far and near peal out the welcome sound:
Bury the dead Past with its dead—let Hope on outstretched wing
Soar once more upward to the skies, and thus triumphant sing—

"Who knows what in the Future lies? We know full well the year
We welcome in, this Winter night, which is all is dark and drear.
Will give us Spring, will Summer bring, with sunshine and with showers;
Then why not happy days to come on this fair earth of ours?"

So with the cypress of the Past we'll twine the Future's bay,
Its emblem of those deathless joys that ne'er shall pass away;
The ivy we'll for friendship take, the yew for dear ones dead;
And for our blue-eyed darlings wreathe the holly berries red.

Ring, joy-bells, ring! Ring out the death of him, the grand old king.
The wrinkled Year, whose rule is o'er; your sweetest music ring
From city spire, from country tower, to him no more to-night!
Here's welcome hail to the new-born year, and may he rule aright!

ONE LIFE'S MYSTERY!

BY

H. REBAK,

Author of "Bound by a Spell," "Humphrey Grant's Will," "Doomed," Etc., Etc.

OUTSIDE THE HALF-CLOSED DOOR OF THE BILLIARD-ROOM CROUCHED A DARK FIGURE, LISTENING TO THE CONVERSATION WITHIN.

CHAPTER XIV.—[CONTINUED.]

To the billiard-room they adjourned accordingly, and then Harriet released her prey.

Now that she had, one night when every one in the house was supposed to be asleep, accidentally been at her window, and had seen Mrs. Mastern steal out into the darkness of the night and hold a long conversation with some stranger. This secret she had kept to herself, to use when an opportunity such as the present arrived.

He listened with the most intense interest.

"And why did you not tell me of this before?" he asked, sharply.

"I did not think it worth while," she answered, carelessly.

"You should have no secrets from your husband. Remember, that was a part of our compact."

The last word stung her with a disagreeable recollection, and she replied, with some asperity:

"But I am not your wife yet, consequently, the compact has not yet commenced."

"Precisely; but it soon will, and it may be as well to forestall it at once."

He spoke with a lowering brow, and in sharp, peremptory tones.

The color mounted to Harriet's face, as she steadily regarded him. There was something in that look he did not like. He made no remark upon it, however, but, changing the subject, said:

"This that you tell me is most important. It places the housekeeper under our thumb. Her yielding to your demand so readily, after her peremptory refusal, is sufficient proof that she would not have that midnight meeting revealed to her master. That will be a sword of Damocles we can at all times hang over her head."

Outside the half-closed door of the billiard-room crouched a dark figure, listening to the conversation within. It was Mrs. Mastern, and a grim smile played upon her usually impassible features.

CHAPTER XV.

MR. ARMSTRONG MAKES A STARTLING RECOGNITION.

Having arranged all business preliminaries with Sir William and Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland, Mr. Armstrong had, in obedience to his son's wishes, taken his departure from the Hall early in the afternoon on the day after his arrival. His host had politely pressed him to remain, but he pleaded important business, and so excused himself.

On the following day James also returned to London. As he leaned back in the railway carriage, and the event of the last few days passed before his mind, he did not feel very satisfied with the result.

Sir William's manner had lacked this time that cordial warmth which had hitherto characterized it. Harriet, too, was constrained and sullen. But the thought which affected him most was his father's malignancy and extraordinary ideas of revenge. Here was a real subject for apprehension, for it was impossible to calculate into what dangerous excesses the old man's vindictive spirit might hurry him, and so overthrow at one stroke all his own carefully elaborated plans.

When he arrived home, he found Mr. Armstrong very ill-humored.

"Well, you've got back from your fine aristocratic friends!" was the greeting. "The next time I darken their doors they'll know it to some purpose. My baronet friend may not raise his head with so lofty an air when he hears what I have to say. I'll bow his stiff neck for him! And as for those stuck up beggars, the Clevelands, if they ever dare to cross my threshold after the marriage, I'll have them kicked into the street by my servants! I suppose the thought I could not see through the supercilious, sneering politeness! As they look down upon me, that could be up a thousand such!"

While speaking he became greatly excited, pacing up and down the room, and violently gesticulating.

"Such being your proposed mode of action, I shall write at once to Sir William, and break off the marriage," said James, coldly.

"You will do nothing of the kind," retorted his father.

"I most decidedly shall, and compromise the affair by offering the lady's parents a few thousands in compensation."

James had always possessed great influence over his father, and his stern, determined air cooled his passion a little; the result of which was that, after a further conversation, the elder Armstrong promised that he would do nothing rash, nor anything that could unfavorably affect his son's schemes.

During the day, James bethought him of Bertha. Here was another difficulty. Andrew had told him of his nightly vigil before her house. Accident might, at any time, bring about a meeting between them, and lead to the discovery of the suppression of her letter, and the false reply. This subject occupied his thoughts for some time. At the conclusion of his meditations, he sat down and wrote a few lines, sealed them in an envelope, directed it, after consulting a note-book, and sent it away to be posted.

"It is the only course open to me that I can see," he mused, "but I would much rather not have been compelled to resort to it, as I wished to cut that acquaintance."

Two days afterwards, about seven o'clock in the evening, a man with a black beard, cropped hair, sallow complexion, and hooked nose, knocked at Mr. Armstrong's door, and put in the hand of the servant who answered a piece of paper upon which was inscribed these words, "I wish to see Mr. James Armstrong."

"What name?" asked the man.

The stranger answered by tearing another piece of paper out of a pocket book, and writing upon it, "The person to whom he wrote two days ago."

The servant regarded this unusual proceeding with considerable astonishment. "But this is not a name," he said, after perusing the second paper. "Mr. James may have wrote to a lot of people two days ago; how is he to know which it is?"

The man impatiently snatched the paper from his hand again, and hastily scribbling a name upon it, returned it to him.

"Cumberland!" said the footman. "Oh, that's the name, is it?"

The stranger waved his hand irritably.

"Can't you speak?" asked the man.

The stranger opened his mouth to its full width, and pointed with his finger to the cavity—*it was tongueless.*

The servant shuddered at the horrible sight, and, without another word, went in with his message, leaving the dumb man grinning maliciously at the fear he had inspired.

He presently returned, to usher the visitor up to James's private room. As he paused for a moment to rub his feet upon the mat in the hall, for it had been raining, and the streets were muddy, Mr. Armstrong opened the dining-room door, and looked out. The dumb man turned his face in the direction, made a slight inclination of the head, and followed his conductor up the stairs.

But Mr. Armstrong stood transfixed in the doorway, following, with his gaze, the retreating figure, his face wearing an expression of amazement. The next moment the servant returned.

"Who is that person you have just shown up to my son's room?" he inquired, sharply.

"He says his name is Cumberland," replied the man. "That is to say, he wrote it down so upon a piece of paper, for he's dumb. He opened his mouth, and showed me he had no tongue; 'twas the most awful thing I ever saw."

"Dumb!" repeated Mr. Armstrong, with a puzzled expression. "I cannot have been mistaken," he muttered to himself. "No, it's impossible to forget those features. Wait a moment," he said, addressing the servant.

Going back into the room, he hastily wrote upon a sheet of paper, "Come down to me at once, and don't let the man who is with you now leave the house until you have seen me. *This is important.*" He hurriedly thrust this note into an envelope, sealed it, and handed it to the servant, bidding him carry it up stairs immediately to his son.

In the meantime, James and the stranger were closeted together.

"Why have you come here?" demanded the former, as soon as they were alone.

The man replied by placing a letter upon the table.

"What of this?" asked James. "The caution contained in it is quite sufficient. I tell you that Andrew Marney has discovered Bertha's retreat. That they have met, and that he nightly haunts the precincts of the house. You can do what you please in this matter. I wash my hands of it farther."

The dumb man shrugged his shoulders, gave a harsh, grating laugh, took out a sign of ivory tablets, and began to write rapidly.

While he was thus occupied, the servant entered with Mr. Armstrong's note. James read it with much surprise, and saying to his visitor, "Excuse me for a moment; I shall be back directly," quitted the room.

He found his father pacing up and down the dining-room, with that strange, excited expression upon his countenance which he had never seen there until lately.

"Who is that man? What business has he with you? What is his name?" demanded the old man, eagerly.

"Well, really, I should have to go into such long explanations that there is no time for now," said James, with some embarrassment in his tone and manner.

"Well, what is his name? You can tell me that. Is it Cumberland?" the old man asked, impatiently.

"Oh, no; that is where I met him. The name I know him by is Sandys, but I believe it to be an assumed one."

"It is an assumed one," replied his father, dropping his voice to a tremulous whisper. "And I can tell you his real one—it is ARTHUR DERING."

James started, and stared at the speaker with the utmost astonishment. "You are dreaming," he exclaimed at last.

"I tell you it is he! Call him by that name, and see if he does not immediately respond to it!"

"But this man is dumb! Was Arthur Dering so?"

"No; that is a circumstance I cannot understand. But he showed Edward, the footman, that his mouth is tongueless; an accident, a disease, might have occasioned this."

"If this be Arthur Dering, a light begins to break in upon me!" ejaculated James, with much animation; "a light that will show us the way to carry out all our plots with almost certain success."

"How?"

"I cannot explain now; I must return to him. If he be the person you suspect?"

"Bring him here."

With that understanding, they parted.

Ten minutes later, James and his visitor descended the stairs, and entered the dining-room.

The conference was a long one, for it was three-quarters of an hour before the visitor emerged from the house, and took his way across the square.

CHAPTER XVI.

A TERRIBLE INTERVIEW.

In the meantime, Andrew continued his nightly vigil from dusk to midnight. Twice he had seen Bertha pass in and out of the house, but no other person cross the threshold. There was always a light burning in the bedroom above, as though some one were lying ill there; and he had several times seen the shadow of a woman cross the blind; but it was neither that of Bertha nor the other that he had seen upon the first night. Probably he thought it was a nurse.

About nine o'clock on the very night that the dumb man visited Russell Square, Andrew saw a cab drive up to the gate, out of which stepped the dreaded being. Instead, however, of passing up to the house, after paying the cabman he crossed over the road to where Andrew was watching. The latter hastily retreated through a garden gate, but soon perceived that discovery was inevitable; for after looking sharply up and down the pavement, the man deliberately opened each gate, and scrutinized the gardens, until he came to the one in which the young man was standing. The two confronted each other for an instant; then, with a low chuckle, the dumb man recrossed the road, and the next moment was thundering at Bertha's door.

Andrew was so overcome by chagrin and mortification at being found there in so unworthy a position, that he remained for a time immovable. The sound of the door closing aroused him from his stupor, and to a consciousness of all that this recognition entailed. Bertha would be told of it, and at once conclude that, in spite of his pledged word, he had followed her on the night of the meeting. Worse even than that was the conviction that she probably would quit it of her own accord, and thus he would again lose all trace of her.

Aroused by these considerations, he resolutely exclaimed, "They shall not take her away without my knowledge; I shall not quit this spot though it be for days!"

Then restraining himself, and reasoning on the situation, he thought it might be better to go over to the house, boldly knock at the door, demand to see Bertha, force an entry, if necessary, explain everything to her, and thus clear his honor from the imputation that this man's story would cast upon it.

In pursuance of this intention, he went over the road, and halted at the gate, to collect himself for what certainly must prove a stormy scene.

Suddenly, a long, piercing shriek broke upon his ear. It came from the house before him. It was the cry of a woman. With one bound, he cleared the narrow garden—with another, the steps. His hand was upon the knocker when he felt the door, which had been imperfectly closed, give way before his pressure.

From the parlor, the door of which stood ajar, proceeded the sound of voices. Without a moment's hesitation he threw it open, and the next moment was standing in the presence of the astonished occupants.

They were three in number, two females and the dumb man. The latter was leaning his back against the mantelpiece, and talking rapidly with his fingers, enforcing the silent words with inarticulate cries.

Upon a couch opposite him lay stretched a strange figure, in a long white dressing robe. It was that of an elderly woman. The thin folds of the dress seemed to envelop as a skeleton. The long, bony hands were scarcely covered with skin; the neck and face were equally emaciated, and livid in hue. Long, thin, straggling gray hair hung around them, in elfin locks. All was corpse-like.

Backwards and forwards upon the pillow rolled the head incessantly; the limbs moved convulsively; and low moans, that at short intervals rose into cries, broke her lips.

Kneeling beside her, and, apparently restraining her movements, was Bertha, with a face wan and full of terror. They gazed intently intently at each other.

The noise of Andrew's footfall turned every glance towards the entrance to the room; and as he burst into it, the sick woman started into a sitting posture, fixing upon him her hollow glance, filled with wild astonishment. With a howl as of a savage beast, the dumb man made a menacing step forward. Bertha sprang to her feet with a low wail of terror.

For a second, all stood paralyzed with astonishment; but, with another growl, the dumb man cast himself upon the intruder, and grasped his throat.

Active and vigorous as Andrew was, he found himself helpless as a child in the clasp of those iron hands. With a wild laugh, the woman sprang off the couch, and waving her arms in frantic gestures, cried, in a harsh, discordant voice:

"Strangle him! Don't let him go! Keep your hold till he no longer gasps—till—he—is—d——"

And she staggered towards the combatants, as though to help the dumb man.

Bertha threw herself between them, and clutching Andrew's brutal assailant by the arm, endeavored to relax his grip.

At that moment a fourth person appeared upon the scene—a big-boned, powerful-looking woman, seemingly a nurse.

"Oh, Mrs. Roberts, for pity's sake come here and separate them!" cried Bertha, in a voice of agony.

The woman laid her hand upon the man's shoulder, saying:

"Mr. Sandys, what are you doing? You will kill the man!"

In spite of his desperate efforts, the dumb man had bent Andrew down upon his knees, and had tightened his grasp upon his throat until he no longer articulated. He had cast off Bertha's light clasp with one shake, but the woman proved a more formidable assailant; and seizing his hands, she wrenched them by main force from Andrew's throat, and interposed her bulky form between them.

At the sight of Mrs. Roberts, the mad woman had suddenly grown quiet, and gone back to her couch.

"Take her away, and leave us alone," whispered Bertha to the nurse, in trembling voice.

The woman hesitated, and glanced at the dumb man, who, uttering horrible inarticulate cries, stood glaring ferociously upon Andrew, who had staggered to his feet, and was gasping for breath.

"Fear nothing. I will see to that," answered Bertha, emphatically, a look of energy coming into her haggard face.

The nurse went over to the couch, and gently taking her patient by the arm, led her unresistingly from the room.

Bertha and the two men were then left together.

Bertha was the first to break the silence.

"What is the meaning, Mr. Marney, of this unwarrantable intrusion—of this breach of your plighted word?" she asked, with something of scorn in her voice.

"I have not broken my word, Bertha," answered Andrew, passionately. "I did not follow you; I had been told that man was to be found at this house before we met. It was only by accident I learned that you lived here. I confess I have nightly watched the house in hope of catching a glimpse, if it were but of your shadow upon the blind. To-night that ruffian detected me. It was the shriek, thinking you were in danger, that brought me here."

During this explanation, the scornful look had died out of her face, and her head drooped pityingly.

"Oh, Bertha!" he went on, in tones of the most passionate entreaty; "explain to me this horrible mystery! Who are these people you are with? What strange power do they hold over you? You are no free agent—of that I am assured. You shall not remain in their hands. I will not leave this house until I see you safely delivered from them."

A low laugh broke from the dumb man, who began talking to Bertha rapidly with his fingers.

She shrank, shuddering, and murmured:

"No, no; I cannot!"

He answered her with fierce vehemence, and with those horrible sounds which he seemed to emit in his excitement, as though struggling for speech.

"Do not heed his threats, Bertha!" cried Andrew, vehemently. "Fear nothing; I am here to protect you with my life! I have but to run to the door, to raise my voice, and to bring instant help."

The dumb man made a movement, as though he would rush upon him; Bertha stepped between them, and Andrew stood upon the defensive.

"Stand off!" he exclaimed. "You do not surprise me a second time! Advance one step, and I summon the police, and instantly remove this lady from the house! Come with me, Bertha; I will not leave without you!"

"Do not make oaths impossible to be fulfilled," she entreated, shuddering.

"But this is not impossible, and I will prove it so; once without the door, what have you to fear from this man?"

"I have told you that I am a free agent. I am here of my own accord, and nothing will induce me to leave this roof. Be satisfied with my answer, and go before there is further mischief."

She spoke firmly, and looked steadfastly at him.

"Then explain to me why this is so, and who these people are—under what conditions you are here? I have a right to demand this explanation from one who is my affianced wife!"

"I am no longer so," she said, sadly.

"I refuse to release you from your engagement!" he answered, excitedly.

"It can never be fulfilled!" she replied, in a tone that carried conviction with it.

With downcast looks, and faltering voice, he muttered, "Bertha, your heart is stone, or the warmth of my love could not fail to touch it!"

"It does touch it—pierce it—wound it!" she ejaculated, with a sudden outburst of passion. "Oh, what I have suffered no tongue can tell! You speak of your troubles; mine have, at least, been equal! Did I not tell you, when we stood together upon the Cumberland hills, and you implored me to be your wife, that only misery could result from such a compact? I saw something of this agony looming in the future. I should have fled then, but my heart was weak."

"By promising to become my wife, you proved that the objection was not insuperable," he answered, quickly. "Why is it so now?"

Her head fell, and she made no answer.

"It is insurmountable only in your imagination!" he cried.

"I vow to you that we can never be aught but strangers to each other; I——"

The dumb man's hand clutching her arm, arrested her speech.

Andrew observed the motion, and moved threateningly.

"Speak out, Bertha!" he said; "I will protect you from violence. Speak out you shall! You say you are a free

agent, and yet a touch can instantly stop your speech!"

Again, the dumb man's fingers moved rapidly, and once more Bertha shrank, shuddering, at the inarticulate words.

Exasperated beyond endurance at what he believed to be further intimidation, Andrew raised his arm, and would have dashed his fist into the evil face, had not Bertha arrested the movement.

The other drew back upon the defence.

"You mistake; he is not urging me to silence, but to speech!" she cried, hastily.

The dumb m[illegible]ation of [illegible] that she should [illegible].

There was renewed silence, during which Andrew hung expectantly upon those faltering lips, which seemed vainly endeavoring to form some words.

"I cannot speak it!" she murmured, falling back, half-swooning, in a chair.

Andrew bent over her to offer some assistance, but was warned by a gesture so peremptory, that he involuntarily drew back.

Then seizing upon a slate that lay upon a table close beside him, the dumb man hastily scrawled a few words, and, with a horrid grin, handed it to Andrew.

Cold dews broke out upon his forehead, and his hand trembled like an aspen as he took the proffered slate. He felt that some terrible revelation was about to meet his sight. He took it to the lamp, which burned upon the centre table, and bent over it. There was a film before his eyes that blurred the pencilling into indistinctness, but in a second it cleared away, and then he read:

"The reason she cannot keep her faith with you is because she is my wife."

"It is false—a foul, an infamous falsehood!" exclaimed Andrew, dashing down the slate, which was shivered to fragments.

With the same malignant grin, the dumb man pointed to the half-swooning girl, as much as to say, "Let her speak for herself!"

"Bertha," he cried, anxiously, "this man has written—I can scarcely speak the words—that you are his wife! It cannot be; it is too monstrous to believe! It is a mere trick to get rid of me! Oh! speak to me, if you would not see me driven to madness!"

Pallid and motionless as a statue, her head bent forward upon her breast, Bertha remained silent to this agonized appeal.

"She is ill!" he exclaimed, in great alarm, falling upon his knees, and trying to clasp the hand which she hastily snatched away.

There was something in the movement that struck him with a half-conviction that the writing he had so indignantly replied was true. He rose to his feet, and fell back a few paces.

"I am waiting for your reply," he said, in a colder tone.

Again her lips moved feebly, and again they failed to form the words that rose to them.

There was little need of them now; that marble face and sealed lips were proofs too forcible to be doubted. There was a weight at his heart that seemed to arrest its pulsation. But still he waited for the reply, and it came not.

"Let it be one word—yes or no!" he said, in a low, distinct voice.

The lips trembled for an instant, and then breathed forth faintly the fatal word, "Yes."

Confounded by the dread reply, he stood amazed, but by an effort roused himself, cast upon her one parting look so full of reproachful anguish that it haunted her ever afterwards, and exclaiming, in a low voice, "Heaven forgive you!" turned upon his heel, and staggering, as if under the influence of vertigo, slowly quitted the room and the house.

"Andrew!" cried the unhappy Bertha, stretching out her arms, and making a movement to follow him.

But the voice was low and feeble, and did not reach the ears for which it was intended. The dumb man barred her passage with his arm. She swayed to and fro, then fell forward in a swoon.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE EMPEROR'S DUMPLINGS.

If anybody in Vienna insists with stubbornness of having a silly whim gratified, he will certainly be ridiculed with the phrase, "Kaiser bin i', Knoedel muss i' haben." The origin of this good natured rebuke is this:

During the first year of his reign the Emperor Ferdinand made a trip to Styria, and while on an excursion to some mountain valley was surprised by a heavy shower. The Emperor, with his suite, sought refuge from the storm in a farmer's cottage where dinner had just been served. Dumplings of very coarse flour formed the principal features of his meal, to which the Emperor was cordially invited by the farmer's wife. To the horror of the chamberlains and courtiers Ferdinand helped himself very freely, and made a heartier meal of the dumplings than they had ever seen him enjoy at a grand dinner at the "Hofburg" in Vienna. After his return to the capital the Emperor gave orders that dumplings of coarse flour should henceforth figure every day on the Imperial dinner table. The disgust of the *chef de cuisine* may easily be imagined, and the Emperor's physicians also unanimously vetoed his new favorite dish. But Ferdinand, who on other occasions had never shown a will of his own, remained this time as firm as rock, and would not give up his fancy for dumplings. When the physicians positively declared that they could not allow his Majesty to dine off dumplings, he stamped with his foot, and cried that he would not sign another official document until he had got dumplings for his dinner. "Emperor I am, and dumplings I will have!" "(Kaiser bin i' and Knoedel muss i' haben!")" he shouted, and to prevent a complete deadlock of the Government machine in Austria, his fancy had to be gratified.

THE game of love is the same, whether the players be clad in velvet or in hidden gray. Beneath the gilded ceilings of a palace, or the lowly rafters of a cabin, there are the same hopes and fears, the same jealousies, and distrusts, and despondings; the wiles and stratagems are all alike; for, after all, the stake is human happiness, whether he who risks it be a peer or a peasant!

THERE are two sorts of enemies inseparable from almost all men, but altogether from men of great fortune—the flatterer and the liar. One strikes before, the other behind!—both insensibly, both dangerously.

SNOW-FLAKES.

BY EDMUND BOOTH.

Float on, float on,
Ye snow-flakes hovering down—
All that is fair and tender and sweet,
Lap in your pitiless winding sheet
Under the meadows brown.

'Tis well, 'tis well
Your dreariest wreaths to spread.
Where the flowers have sunk to the earth in sorrow,
For the blighted hope of a summer morrow
Over the lovely dead.

Float on, float on,
Shadow your mantle chill,
Where treasurous hope and dreams lie,
Where love and [illegible] have had be-
Oh, that this heart were still!

Forbear, forbear.
Dark spirit, thou dost us wrong—
Under our mantle so soft and warm,
Is slumbering safe each loveliest form,
Though winter's night be long.

Fear not, fear not,
There are bright, briant buds below—
Thou shalt see them again on the green hill side,
When the silvery mist of summer tide
Is born of the winter's snow.

THE REJECTED LOVER!

OR

The Adventures of Robert Temple.

By MILLIE W. CARPENTER.

CHAPTER V.

THE LOVER AND HIS RIVAL.

Aime moi en peu, mais continue—Love me a little, but keep it up.—*French Proverb.*

Love knows hidden paths.
—*Old Proverb.*

THE SECRET MEETING.

"LADY TEAZLE:—If you can get away out of the house without attracting attention, pray do so, and meet me at the Academy of Design. Come at twelve if you can, only don't excite suspicion. Things have gone too far, and I have risked too much to run any danger now. Bring me what money you have by you—every penny—I need it bad enough. Remember, I want an interview, but no scenes.

ST."

It was in consequence of having received this note that Rosamond Vane got herself ready early in the morning, and went out. She was weak and trembling, but she dared not ask for the carriage; she walked over to Fourth Avenue, and went down in the street cars. She was an extravagant young woman to do this, for she had to pay a penny more for riding on this line than on any of the others. And had not her mysterious correspondent informed her that he wanted all the money she had about her—every penny? But cleanliness was something gained, she thought, and she had heard the servants say this was the cleanest line in the city.

She left the car at the crossing of Twenty-third street, and walked across to the Academy of Design. It was open now with an exhibition of water-colors. She bought a ticket and went up the stairs. There were a good many women wandering about, and she took a seat in the least crowded of the rooms. She was not aware that she attracted a good deal of notice by reason of her beautiful, moody face. One or two school-girls who watched her said she had had a quarrel with her lover, and was waiting to make it up with him.

She started when she heard a voice near pronounce her name:

"You are waiting for me, then?"

She looked quickly up and saw her correspondent.

"Oh, you are here at last, St. Albert. Yes, I have been waiting for you a long time. I was getting very tired and out of patience."

The gentleman — Mr. Albert St. Albert he was—sat down on the bench by her side and looked coolly about him.

"Sorry I was obliged to keep you, but the truth is, I couldn't get away before. Had to go over a few things, and make some new arrangements with my future papa-in-law—you understand, eh, Rose?"

"I understand nothing," she answered, fiercely, starting up. "Nothing, except the one incontestible fact of your duplicity and meanness. That I understand now, God help me, in its fullest meaning."

"Sit down, Rose; don't get excited. I won't stand any scenes, you know. No, by God, I won't. I've had enough of them."

"Let us go over to the park," she said, abruptly, and paying no attention to his fury. "It is pleasanter being out of doors—my head aches—and while we can talk just as well, it will look a little less like an assignation if any one chances to see us."

"As you like," he answered, moodily, rising to follow her.

Not another word was spoken between them till they were seated in the square—a tiny plot of green—the pleasantest bit of life in New York city.

"Well," began St. Albert, impatiently; "have you brought the money with you?"

Rose's answer was to take out her pocketbook, whose contents—a roll of bank bills—she handed over to her companion. He fluttered them over and then put them away in the breast pocket of his coat.

"Shall I thank you?" he asked, sardonically. "No? Well, then, may I smoke? I'm nothing without a cigar in the morning. I've only had a tiny cigarette so far. I couldn't smoke and dance duty on my dear affianced at the same time, you know."

"Speak in a more respectful tone, and make use of a different language if you please, when you mention my cousin's name in my presence," said Rosey, fiercely.

"I mentioned no names," was his cool reply. "Don't be so ill-natured; do you suppose I don't feel things, too—and I am much obliged to you for the money, Rose—upon my soul I am!"

"Are you?—well, you ought to be! It cost me something to get it together for you. One hundred and fifty, and saved from the allowance Uncle Philip makes me for dressing. Ninety of it I realized by my last reading at the Hall. I dressed the character, you know, and it took very well."

"Yes! I read about it in the morning papers," he said, indifferently.

"I read the poems from the Polish that you translated, or rather that you got translated for me," pursued Rose, quietly; "and everybody was in raptures about them. Tell Hunter, that queer little genius of yours, who hit upon the idea—and who I suppose wrote them—tell him that they were a great success. I met a couple of Polish scholars—antiquarians—the next evening, and they were much excited about the matter. One of them assured me that, though the translations were good, they fell far below the original [illegible] dramatic [illegible]."

St. Albert smiled sardonically.

"'Tis an age of humbug, as I have often told [illegible] heard that, and kept a [illegible] countenance well, I suppose?"

"Imagine my contempt; but I have been put to the test in a severer way than that. On the evening of the Polish reading I heard a stir in the Hall, and who should come forward and take reserved seats in the front row, but Ross and Lieutenant Cornwell. He despises theatres and all sorts of acting, you know; but he came as a scholar to hear the Polish reading. I strongly suspect that he called at the house to ask me, but I was out, spending the evening with a sick friend, you know—oh, that poor sick friend of mine—so he invited Rose, instead. I was sadly frightened, I assure you."

"I should think so. Do you remember the night you were playing Lady Teazle with Davenport and forgot to put on your wig? You've learned a good many things since then; but I have always said you were a born actress—you would make a fortune on the stage."

"A fortune for you to pay your gambling and sporting debts with," she answered, bitterly. "Albert, why don't you reform? You promised me long ago you would. Why don't you quit your evil ways?"

"I am, I have!" he answered, eagerly. "I don't bet any more—I always lose when I do—and I have not touched a card for ages, till one evening on the Bonnie Bell"—he stopped and bit his lips, and cursed himself for his stupidity.

Rose laughed at his confused face.

"Go on!" she said. "You have not touched a card till one evening in the Bonnie Belle! You have betrayed nothing. You tried to conceal the truth, but I knew you came in the Bonnie Belle! You fell overboard, and Robert Temple saved you from drowning!"

"Yes, he did! and curse him—curse him a thousand times over for a bold, unmannerly bully," shouted St. Albert, in a fury. "I'd like to kill him, I would."

"For shame! to curse and kill the man who saved your life. But, never mind Robert Temple; he will take care of himself—he is fully capable of it; such souls as he is prosper, when you and I and those like us are groveling in the dust."

"You seem to cherish a great admiration for Mr. Temple," said St. Albert, bitterly and scowling. "I dare say that, like all the rest of the women, you are in love with him."

"In love with him!" The weary scorn of her voice. "In love with Robert Temple, after having loved for years such a man as you. Pity!" She struck her hands passionately together. "Oh, the pity of it, that I could not have known and loved him earlier, instead of having wasted all the sweetness and freshness of my youth on you!"

In spite of the man's infinite hardihood his face flushed terribly as she said these words.

"Don't be hard on me," he muttered sullenly. "You don't know my position, on my soul, you don't. I have no money, my estates are covered with mortgages, I can't raise another dollar on them; what would old Vane say if he knew it! everything I own is dipped so deeply it will never see light again. But sometimes I am tempted to throw this thing up, when you talk as you did just now, I don't know whether I want to kill you, or whether I had not better throw over this marriage and try my luck with you; for better or for worse; and things couldn't be worse with me than they are; we should both be happier Rose, I know!"

Happier! Rosamond Vane's face brightened as it never had when she first tasted the frothing sweetness of love's golden, summer-crowned cup. Happier!

"There's no danger of your following out your thought, St. Albert!" her tone was deadly cold. "No danger of your following the call of honor. Your impulse was a good one, therefore strangle it! it would disagree with you. Your fault is that of the Dutch, which is giving too little and asking too much!"

"Well! you are all the better off, being free from me," was his answer. "My advice is, marry the first good man that asks you! you will do well in that!"

"Are you in earnest! I ask seriously, because Lieutenant Cornwell has asked me to be his wife! I have hesitated to give him an answer, but he demands one to-day! Oh! if he knew the truth! the bitter, humiliating truth! that I come, in stern madness and despair from you to him! him! an honorable man! a gentleman!"

"Well then! accept him!" said St. Albert. He thought she was in jest, a bitter jest! that she could not leave him, and so he unwillingly gave her good advice. She thought he was in earnest, and accepted his advice in a tumult of fierce passionate despair.

"And how about the stage, the play acting you are so fond of," he asked sardonically, as he watched the struggle going on in her mind. "You know Cornwell hates everything that pertains to the stage."

"I know it!" her head sank on his breast. "God help me! I can't tell him the truth! and someday I shall yield to the old temptation, and he will discover everything I am trying to hide from him now, and the end will be ruin! black and blasting ruin!"

Alas for her! her words came true sooner than she thought! "At least I will venture it," she cried. "I will break this cruel bond that binds me to you! I will—I have served you, been your slave long enough. I will end it now."

"Do! forget me! we have both suffered! we have paid the price!" His face was pale; as much as it was in his nature to love he loved her. The deepest pain he was capable of feeling he felt now in this hour of parting from her.

He did not once look after her when she left him. He turned away and walked quickly down the cross street, leading to the lower part of the city.

"St. Albert!" a timid voice called his name. He stopped! his face was horribly white! a woman with a child in her arms had crept up and was now waiting at a little distance apart from him.

"*You!*" he said, "Don't come a step nearer lest I kill you."

"St. Albert! Oh, have some pity! Don't speak like that!"

"I tell you keep away! What do you want!"

"I want some help from you! I am starving!"

"Starve! You starve! why don't you go to that old idiot, your father! he will take care of you."

The woman, with a little cry leaned, supporting herself against the building near her. St. Albert glanced about, the street was deserted, it was noonday and warm and still; the great grey building loomed up above them, its windows closed and barred. The child, frightened and weary, hungry perhaps began to cry. Its little shrill voice rang through the still street.

"Stop that!" cried Albert savagely. "Here, take this!" He flung a piece of money that fell and rolled at the woman's feet. She did not touch it! no, no!

"It's all I have," he said. "I have nothing more to give you. Don't follow me again. It wont avail you. It wont avail you. I am to be married soon to a good and beautiful girl."

"Married!" repeated the woman sorrowfully; a weary pain was in her voice, nothing more. "No, you will not be married, for you already have a wife! here is your wife, St. Albert, and here is your child!"

He laughed savagely. "Have you any proof of it, except your valuable word? No! No! I took good care that you should not have! Why, do you dog me in this way, in the public streets, you and that old beggar, your father? Do you expect me to take you in my arms, to my heart, you two? a precious couple! No! I hate you! Leave me alone!"

"You did not talk like that in the past!" quietly answered that heart broken creature.

"Curse the past! Curse the past and all connected with it!" he shouted. He took a bit of paper from his pocket book scribbled a few words on it. Rolling it up in a ball he tossed it to her.

"Come and meet me when and where that directs. Mind! don't seek me till then, don't come near me, or speak to me, lest I kill you!"

In a towering passion he walked away. How still the street was. Looking straight before him he could see the gleam of water, the masts and sails of boats.

"I'll put a stop to this persecution," he said. He looked at the water, the river rushing away into the great sea.

"It is a sure refuge!" he muttered. "It keeps its secrets well, it sends up no tell-tale stories. I'll try it!"

Ah, St. Albert, take care, take care! There are no secrets in the world, sooner or later, even the sea must give up its dead.

CHAPTER VI.

WEDDED AND WAITING.

Love teaches asses to dance!—*French Proverb.*

Love your neighbor but don't pull down the fence.—*German Proverb.*

"Married on the 28th, at St. Phillip's Church, Lieutenant Cornwell to Miss Rosamond Vane, niece of Philip Vane, Esq., of Fifth avenue celebrity. A reception of friends was held in the evening at the bridegroom's house, on Murray Hill. The ordinary festivities attending a wedding season will be dispensed with, on account of the recent death of Lieutenant Cornwell's mother!"

This advertisement appeared in the *Journal* newspaper, one fine morning.

Lieutenant Cornwell quietly wooed and won his bride. There was a quiet service at St. Phillip's one pleasant morning; out from the altar the bridegroom took his bride directly to his home, where he had lived with his mother on Murray Hill.

"This wedding is like the prelude to ours," said St. Albert to Rose as they stood together in the hall waiting for the carriage. "It is like the rehearsal behind the curtain; the voluntary played before the final triumphal air."

"Ours!" murmured Rose, shrinking away from him.

"Ours! it does not frighten you, does it, to think of it. Surely you must know what I am here for. You expect, surely, to keep that promise you made."

"Yes. Oh, yes! sometime! there is time enough! I am so young now, to make a final change."

"Sometime is no time, my dearest! And have I not waited already? I have not grudged you your liberty till now, you must not blame me if I am anxious to make sure of the once chance of happiness life offers me. We are none of us too happy, Rose!"

"Happy!"

She looked at him, and she grew paler and paler as she looked. *Could* she be happy with him, this man to whom she had given her promise? But she *had* given him her promise, there was the rub.

"You are growing older day by day, Rose," pleaded St. Albert, seeing, with bitter rage in his heart, the struggle that was going on in her mind. He knew why she hesitated; he knew that her heart in very truth was stolen away from his keeping; and judge if he loved Robert Temple then! "We are both growing older in the world's wisdom; we both know our own hearts better than we did a year ago." He took her hand, whether she would or no, an expression of fine affected melancholy on his handsome face. "I know I am not worthy of you—what man is worthy of a good and trusting woman like you! But it is such women as you that save lost souls, Rose. I know that my own chance of being a good man rests with you—you can make me if you will. Cast me off, and I am lost, forever lost! But I do not urge you. Your happiness is to be considered of all things, not the losing or making of a dwarfed soul like mine. I would not have you wrong your own inclinations for sake of helping me, much as I love you."

This was the ground he took then, and even after—she had a chance of redeeming a lost soul. She did not even guess how much of a hypocrite he was—how he was acting in this, and so, unconsciously to her, leading her on to do as he wished. It was hard; oh, it was hard! But what could she do? Her word was given; and she shuddered when she reflected what the consequences might be to St. Albert if she was false to her plighted word.

"I will keep my promise," she faltered; "You know I will—I must!"

"I know that you are an angel of truth and goodness," he said, not without some emotion, bending over her head and kissing it. "Henceforth I will believe in utter generosity. You have saved a sad and hardened soul—there may be some reward greater than we know of for such deeds as yours!"

The light fell [illegible] how glad she could not [illegible].

Her head [illegible] Robert Temple passed. He looked hard at the two figures standing there playing their part in the great drama of life and the emotions. Rose snatched away her hand. Oh, she knew then, only too well, who it was she loved and who loved her.

"Those whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

The Church thundered its mighty warning. If once she were joined to St. Albert, it would be forever and forever. No man could part them again—the bond could never be broken. Forever! Forever!

Could she, oh, could she speak the word that would seal that band about her, soul and body, forever!

There was a sudden great outcry and confusion; the bride had fainted.

"This dreadful close air," murmured two or three ladies, sympathetically, as they hurried out. "Really the confined air of these old churches, the musty smell when they have been shut up a week, is unfit to take into the lungs."

Rose clung trembling to the wall against which she leaned for support. She hid her eyes when Rosamond Cornwell was carried past, her beautiful face gleaming with a strange light under the orange flowers.

"Oh, what a tragedy!" said a voice near her. "Do you, too, think it is the church air? Don't you see that her heart is broken!"

Rose looked up, and saw Robert Temple.

"Why don't you go to your cousin and console her," he asked, coolly. "You ought to be able to encourage her in the part she is playing. Don't you see that the fetters she has put on weigh too heavily."

"I do not know—I never guessed," stammered Rose, in surprise.

"You never guessed!" he repeated, mockingly. "Oh, what hypocrites you women are—what hypocrites you make yourselves! How can you ever tell truth from falsehood. You play a part, all of you. You stretch yourselves on the rack cheerfully, as if it were a bed of roses—you think it fine to be martyrs, don't you?—and then you turn the screw that tortures you, till every heart string cracks with agony."

"Hush!" Rose cried, alarmed; "don't speak like that here; remember where you are!"

"Remember where I am!" His voice was low, but every word he spoke rang clear as silver bell. "Is not this His holy temple! Where in all God's wide world shall the truth be spoken, if not here!"

She was silent. What had she to say! Step by step she felt her fate was approaching. She knew instinctively what was coming, but she could not put up a hand could not utter one word to bid it avaunt!

"Would you put on such a chain as that?" he asked, in that low, clear voice of his. "Would you willingly put on the fetters that were to bind you, here and hereafter, to a man for whom you have no love? Is that what you intend to do—put on a white dress, the spotless robe of innocence, and then come to God's holy altar and perjure yourself—make a solemn promise before God and man to love, honor and obey one for whom you cannot feel so much as a shadow of any one of those tender feelings? Tell me; will you do that, Rose?"

"No, oh, no! I say, a thousand times no!"

She clasped her trembling hands together. She stood there, mute and pale, waiting, looking at his face.

He spoke again:

"If there were any sudden chance of escape—if one—some one who knew all this were to stretch out a helping hand and whisper, 'come! I love you! Come with me!'—you would take that hand, Rose—you would come with him—with *me!*"

"Hush! hush! hush!"

He leaned towards her, closer, and spoke once more:

"Everything is in readiness here; the priest waits. Come, my darling, come with me!"

"Must I oh, must I!" She looked wildly about her. "Oh, if I only knew! if it were for the best!"

The church was quite empty now. The rector, a pale, sad-faced man just off a sick bed, was sitting in his robes, resting in one of the hard gothic chairs. The clerk stood respectfully waiting, keys in hand.

"It is all over now, sir, is it not? I may go away the things for the present?"

"One moment, sir," said Robert Temple, announcing.

He spoke a few words apart rather earnestly to the sad pale-faced priest of God, so was a good deal flushed now. He looked doubtful, but Robert's will prevailed.

The young man returned to the waiting girl.

"Come," he whispered; "everything is in readiness. Oh, my darling! God bless you forever for what you do now this hour for my sake!"

She looked fearfully about her.

"If they should come! if they should return!"

"They will not; the carriages are all gone; we are quite alone."

He dragged her forward into the church; the door clanged heavily to behind them, shutting them in from the other world.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LOVE-STORIES.—For the average man and woman a true love-story never loses its charm. Do we not like to live over again the pleasures and the romances of our own youth, whether in the pages of printed books or in those ever-fresh volumes, the lives of our children? It is a great mistake to let go our hold on any of the easily-attained pleasures of life; and of them all what so easy of attainment as books? It argues, indeed, a mind both selfish and narrow, no matter with how many historical facts it may be stored, to lose interest in the old, ever-new love-story with which the heart of the world beats for ever. It is a lovely story too—the loveliest in the world. The sky is bluer, the flowers are more fair, and the fields wear a softer green, when the light of this one supreme experience transfigures them. It was divine in its day, for each of us in his turn; and the tales that recall the ancient rapture are not without their charm for the eyes that read them through the spectacles of old age.

FACETIÆ.

A WESTERN SETTLER.—The effects of a six shooter.

MILK is our first drink, for we come to the liquor at last.

"MARY MURPHY," said John to his wife, the other morning, "I'm getting a Christmas present this year, please arrange it so that the bill won't come in till the next one. It's just as well to keep up the illusion for a short time."

GENERAL INSTRUCTION.—A Griswold street lawyer employed a new boy the other day, and when the lad asked for instructions the attorney replied:

"Your instructions are to be taken in general. Keep the office clean, borrow coal whenever you can, and under no circumstances must you ever lend my umbrella to a lawyer."

"CHILDREN," asked a Fayette county minister, addressing a Sunday school, "why are we like flowers? What do we have that flowers have?"

A small boy in the infant class, whose breath smelled of vermifuge, rose up and made reply, "Worms."

The minister crept under the pulpit chair to hide his emotion.

THE humors of advertising are not a few. When, for instance, the claims of a new dentrifice are set forth in the following touching style:

Kiss me, darling, for your breath is
Just as sweet as new-mown hay;
Kiss me, darling, for your teeth are
Free from tartar and decay,

we are moved to the impulsive exclamation of "By gum!"

TESTING THE EXPERIMENT.—A Detroiter had his hair cut the other day, and after the barber had finished the head was the worst looking job ever turned out in Detroit. The man was hopping mad as he looked into the glass, and he roared out:

"Why, you blamed fool, you don't know anything about hair cutting."

"Dat's so, boss," said the owner of the shop, coming forward. "I told him to take your head to learn on, but it don't 'pear to me dat he'll ever make much of a barber!"

"MARRYIN' is a good thing, it is a grate thing—as Aunt Jane sez, a grate institushion (how she does I can't tell, for she never had a chance to try it); it's good for everybody. Are you old? marry; it will make you young (or you'll die tryin' to 'pear so). Are you young? it'll make you old. In fact, it is suited to anybody and everybody. It's a briar-rose hedge that society has set up to keep folks inside the bounds of good behavior; and though I've had many ups and downs in it, and no all about it, still I say, hooray for marryin'! It's good for everybody."

IS IT POSSIBLE?—A lady residing in New York, who, by the way, was one of the strictest of church members, chanced to go into the country on a visit to her brother, who was a deacon. On the first Sunday of her visit a little son of her brother's came running into the house with a couple of eggs which he had just found in a hen's nest.

"See, aunt!" he exclaimed, "what our hens have been laying to-day!"

"What!" exclaimed the lady, lifting up her eyes in horror, "is it possible that your father, a pious man and a deacon, allows his hens to lay on Sunday?"

JUDICIAL PUNS.—A well known judge of the Supreme Court of New York often relieved his judicial remarks with a twitch of humor. One day, during the trial of a case, Mr. Gunn was a witness on the stand, and, as he hesitated a good deal, and seemed unwilling, after much persistent questioning to tell what he knew, the judge said to him:

"Come, Mr. Gunn, don't hang fire."

After the examination had closed, the bar was convulsed by the judge adding:

"Mr. Gunn, you can go off—you are discharged."

GIRLS FISHING.—A tells us how ladies fish. He says he saw four of them who had succeeded in landing a little flounder. No sooner had the poor fish struck the ground than all exclaimed in one voice:

"Ouch! Murder! take it away. Ugh, the nasty thing!"

Then they hold up their skirts and gather about the fish, and all the time the one who caught the fish is holding the line in both hands, with her foot on the pole, as though she had an evil-disposed goat at the other end, which she expected to butt her at any moment. Then they talk over it:

"However will we get it off?"

"Ain't it pretty?"

"Look how it pants."

"Wonder if it ain't dry?"

"Poor little thing, let's put it back."

"How will we get the hook from it?"

"Pick it up," says a girl, who backs rapidly out of the circle.

"Good gracious! I'm afraid of it. There, it's opening its mouth at me."

Just then the fish wiggles off the hook and disappears into the water, and the girls try for another bite.

AGRICULTURAL.

A CORRESPONDENT of the New England *Farmer* says as a winter feed for swine, mangolds and sugar beets are equalled only by skimmed milk, and that beets twice a day and milk once is as good a feed as can be obtained.

A FARMER of Camilla, Mitchell county, Southwestern Georgia, where snow never falls and the ground seldom freezes, and where the original pine forest is carpeted with native grass, says his sheep, thirty-five hundred in number, cost him annually fourteen cents per head, clip three pounds of unwashed wool, which sells at thirty cents per pound, giving a clear profit of ninety per cent. on the money and labor invested.

EGGS FOR SETTING.—An English agricultural paper says that eggs intended for setting should be stored with the large end down, because the air-bubble does not spread so much as when the small end is down—this spreading of the air-bubble being known to affect the freshness and vitality of the egg. Eggs stored with the large end down will keep perfectly good for hatching more than a month, while the others cannot be depended on after two weeks.

IT is a rule arrived at by many and careful experiments that about three pounds of good food per day for each 100 weight of live stock is a fattening allowance. For illustration, a sheep weighing 100 pounds requires three pounds of food per day, and a steer weighing 1,000 needs 30 pounds. These rules are approximately correct, being varied somewhat by quality of food and stock. The farmer knowing the weight of his feed and that of stock, by applying these rules, can guess closely as to whether he has food enough for his stock.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

IF you want your lawn to come out green and velvety next May, you must give Mother Nature fair play in her care for it between this time and that. To make something of nothing is a calculation running through pretty much everything now-a-days; but in farming or gardening of any sort it is especially futile. One might as well hope to clip a fleece of wool every year from a merino without feeding or caring for him, as to expect an even, thick, thrifty lawn without feeding and caring for it. It will, to be sure, keep up a precarious existence from the ministrations of the sky and air; but it won't do its best except under the best treatment. Give your lawns a good coating of fertilizers, and leave it on until the grass is ready to start in the spring, and you will see your reward.

J. Y. BICKNELL, in *Poultry World*, says that every variety of duck can be raised without the use of water for swimming, etc., and that he never allows the young to go into any water until they are from six to eight weeks old, when they can take care of themselves in or out of the water. He adds: "The principal food used for ducks, chicks, and all fowls, during warm weather, is coarse corn meal and wheat bran mixed in equal portions, by measure, and thoroughly scalded. When young birds cannot have free range to supply themselves with animal food, I purchase lights, liver, and any refuse meat I can find, which is fresh and cheap, boil it thoroughly, use the water for scalding food, and give the meat either chopped fine or otherwise, as necessity requires. As a variety, I always use more or less cracked corn, it is almost indispensable. In this way I very seldom lose a chick; a case of gapes I never had."

SPAVIN—IS IT CURABLE?—This is a question asked in the *Western Farmer*, and answered by its veterinary editor, William Horne, as follows: No, spavin is not curable; never was, never will be—the many quack assertions to the contrary notwithstanding. At this advanced period of information and knowledge in all such and similar matters a man shows himself behind the times when the question of curability of spavin is not with him a settled fact as an incurable disease. I have been so often asked if spavin or ringbone can be taken off, that I am impatient now such a question is asked. Neither can be cured, but may be so mitigated that the horse may be just as useful as though the exostosis of spavin or ringbone did not exist. The surest, and with me the best remedy, is the actual cautery (hot iron) in the hands of a qualified man; none other. Next remedy is active blistering with the common cantharides blister ointment of biniodide of mercury or iodine ointment, or strong tincture of iodine, applied for several weeks, but firing is the best by far, and most effective.

The SPECTRAL CONDOR.

A Story of the South Sea.

By CAPTAIN MAYNE REID

[This story was commenced in No. 14, Vol. 55. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XXIV.

HARRY BLEW HOMELESS.

While the exciting scene described as taking place in the Eldorado was at its height, Harry Blew went past the door. Could the sailor have seen through walls, he would have entered the saloon. The sight of his former officers would have attracted him inside; there to remain, for certain reasons. Of one he had already thought. Conjecturing that the young gentlemen might be going on a bit of a spree, and knowing the dangers of such in San Francisco, it had occurred to him to accompany, or keep close after them—in order that he might be at hand, should they come into collision with any of the roughs and rowdies thick upon the street. Unfortunately, this idea, like that of asking for a cash loan, had come too late; and they were out of sight ere he could take any steps towards its execution. A glance into the gambling-saloon would have brought both opportunities back again; and, instead of continuing to wander hungry through the streets, the sailor would have had a splendid supper, and after it a bed, either in some respectable hostelry, or his old bunk aboard the *Crusader*. It was not to be. While passing the El Dorado, he could know nothing of the friends that were so near; and thus unconscious, he leaves the glittering saloon behind, and a half-score others lighted with like brilliancy. For a while longer he saunters slowly about, in the hope of yet encountering the officers. Several times he sees men in uniform, and makes after them, only to find they are not English. At length giving it up, he quickens his pace, and strikes for the office of the ship-agent, which he knows to be in the street fronting the water.

Tacking from corner to corner, now and then hitching up his trousers, to give freer play to his feet, he at length comes out upon the street which fronts towards the bay. In his week's cruising about the town he has acquired some knowledge of its topography, and knows well enough where he is; but not the office of the shipping-agent. It takes him a considerable time to find it. Along the water's edge the houses are irregularly placed, and numbered with like irregularity. Besides, there is scarce any light; the night has become dark, with a sky densely clouded, and the street-lamps burning whale-oil are dim, and at long distances apart. It is with difficulty he can make out the figures upon the doors. However, he is at length successful, and deciphers on one the number he is in search of—as also the name "Silvestre," painted on a piece of tin attached to the side-post.

A survey of the house—indeed a single glance at it—convinces him he has come thither to no purpose. It is a small wooden structure, not much bigger than a sentry-box, evidently only an office, with no capability of conversion to a bedroom. Still it has room enough to admit of a man's lying at full length along its floor; and, as already said, he would be glad of so disposing for the night. There may be some one inside, though the one window—in size corresponding to the shanty itself—looks black and forbidding. With no very sanguine hope, he lays hold of the door-handle, and gives it a twist. Locked, as he might have expected! The test does not satisfy him, and he knocks. At first timidly; then a little bolder and louder; finally, giving a good round knock with his knuckles, hard as horn. At the same time he hails sailor-fashion:

"Ahoy, there; be there any one within?" This in English; but, remembering that the ship-agent is a Spaniard, he follows his first hail with another in the Spanish tongue, adding the usual formulary:

"*Ambre la puerta!*"

Neither to the question nor the demand is there any response. Only the echo of his own voice reverberated along the line of houses, and dying away in the distance, as it mingles with the sough of the sea. No use speaking, or knocking again. Undoubtedly, Silvestre's office is closed for the night; and his clerks, if there be any, have their sleeping-quarters elsewhere. Forced to this conclusion, though sadly dissatisfied with it, the ex-man-o'-war's-man turns away from the door, and once more goes cruising along the streets. But now, with no definite point to steer for, he makes short tacks and turns, like a ship sailing under an unfavorable wind—or as one disregarding the guidance of the compass, without steersman at the wheel.

After beating about for nearly another hour, he discovers himself again contiguous to the water's edge. His instincts have conducted him thither—as the seal, after a short inland excursion, finds its way back to the beach. Ah! if he could only swim like a seal! This thought occurs to him as he stands looking over the sea in the direction of the *Crusader*. Were it possible to reach the frigate all his troubles would soon be forgotten in the cheerful companionship of his old chums of the forecastle. It can't be. The man-of-war is anchored more than two miles off. Strong swimmer though he knows himself to be, it is too far. Besides, a fog has suddenly sprung up, overspreading the bay, so that the ship is hidden from his sight. Even those lying close ashore can be but faintly discerned through its film, and only the larger spars, the smaller ones with the rigging-ropes looking like the threads of a spider's web.

Down-hearted, almost despairing, Harry Blew halts upon the beach. What is he to do? Lie down on the sand, and there go to sleep? There are times when on the shores of San Francisco Bay this would not be much of a hardship. But now it is the season of winter, when the great Pacific current, coming from latitudes farther north, roll in through the Golden Gate, bringing with it fogs that spread themselves over the estuary inside. Although not frosty, these are cold enough to be uncomfortable, and the haze now is accompanied by a chill drizzling rain. Standing under it, Harry Blew feels he is fast getting wet. If he do not obtain shelter, he will soon be soaked to the skin. Looking around, his eye rests upon a boat, which lies bottom upward on the beach. It is an old ship's launch that has bilged, and either been abandoned as useless, or upturned to receive repairs. No matter what its history, it offers him the hospitality so smurvily refused by the Sailor's Home. If it cannot give him supper, or bed, it will be some protection against the rain that has now commenced coming down in big clouting drops. This deciding him, he creeps under the capsized launch, and lays himself at full length along the shingle.

The spot upon which he has stretched himself is soft as a feather-bed. Still he does not fall asleep. The rain, filtering through the sand, soon finds its way under the boat; and, saturating his couch, makes it uncomfortable. This, with the cold night air, keeps him awake. He lies listening to the sough of the sea, and the big drops pattering upon the planks above. Not long before other sounds salute his ear, distinguishable as human voices—men engaged in conversation. As he continues to listen, the voices grow louder, those who converse evidently drawing nearer. In a few seconds they are by the boat's side, where they come to a stand. But though they have paused in their steps, they continue to talk in an excited, earnest tone. So loud that he can hear every word they say; though the speakers are invisible to him. The capsized boat is not so flush with the sand, as to prevent him from seeing the lower part of their legs, from below the knees downward. Of these there are four pairs, two of them trousers of the ordinary kind; the other two in *calzoneras* of velveteen bordered at the bottom with black stamped leather. But, that all four men are Californians or Spaniards, he can tell by the language in which they are conversing—Spanish. A lucky chance that he understands something of this—if not for himself, for the friends who are dear to him.

The first intelligible speech that reaches his ear is an interrogatory:

"You're sure, Calderon, they'll come this way?"

"Quite sure, De Lara. When I stood by them at the hotel-bar, I heard the younger of the two tell one of the American officers that their boat was to meet them at the wooden *muello*—the new pier, as you know. To reach that, they must pass by here; there's no other way. And it can't be long before they make appearance. They were leaving the hotel at the time we did, and where else should they go?"

"No knowing"—this from the voice of a third individual. "They may stay to take another *copita*, or half a dozen. These Ingleses can drink like fish, and don't seem to feel it."

"The more they drink, the better for us," remarks a fourth. "Our work will be the easier."

"It may not be so easy, Don Manuel," puts in De Lara. "Young as they are, they're very devils both. Besides, they're well armed, and will battle like grizzly bears. I tell you, *camarados*, we'll have work to do before we get back our money."

"But do you intend killing them, De Lara?" asks Calderon.

"Of course. We must, for our own sakes. 'Twould be madness not, even if we could get the money without it. The older, Crozier, is enormously rich, I've heard; could afford to buy up all the law there is in San Francisco. If we let them escape, he'd have the police after us like hounds upon a trail. Even if they shouldn't recognise us now, they'd be sure to suspect who it was, and make the place too hot to hold us. *Caspita!* It's not a question of choice, but a thing of necessity. *We must kill them!*"

Harry Blew hears the cold-blooded determination, comprehending it in all its terrible significance. It tells him the young officers are still in the town, and that these four men are about to waylay, rob, and murder them. What they mean by "getting back the money" is the only thing he does not comprehend. It is made clear as the conversation continues.

"I'm sure there's nothing unfair in taking back our own. I, Frank Lara, say so. It was they who brought about the breaking of our bank, which was done in a mean, dastardly way. The Englishman had the luck, and all the others of his kind went with him. But for that, we could have held out. It's no use our whining about it. We've lost, and must make good our losses best way we can. We can't, and be safe ourselves, if we let these *gringos* go."

"*Chingara!* we'll stop their breath, and let there be no more words about it."

The merciless verdict is in the voice of Don Manuel.

"You're all agreed, then?" asks De Lara.

"*Si, si, si!*" is the simultaneous answer of assent, Calderon alone seeming to give it with some reluctance; though he hesitates from timidity, not mercy.

Harry Blew now knows all. The officers have been gaming, have won money, and the four fellows who talk so coolly of killing them are the banker and his confederates. What is he to do? How can he save the doomed men. Both are armed; Crozier has his sword, Cadwallader his dirk. Besides, they have pistols, as he saw while they were talking to him at the Sailor's Home. But then they are to be taken unawares—shot or struck down in the dark without a chance of seeing the hand that strikes them! Even if warned and ready, it would be two against four. And he is himself altogether unarmed; for his jack-knife is gone—hypothecated to pay for his last jorum of grog! And the young officers have been drinking freely, as he gathers from what the ruffians have said. They may be inebriated, or enough so to put them off their guard. Who would be expecting assassination? Who ever is, save a Mexican himself? Altogether unlikely that they should be thinking of such a thing. On the contrary, disregarding danger, they will come carelessly on, to fall like ripe corn before the sickle of the reaper. The thought of such a fate for his friends, fills the sailor with apprehension; and again he asks himself how it is to be averted.

The four conspirators are not more than as many feet from the boat. By stretching out his hands he could grip them by the ankles, without altering his recumbent attitude one inch. By doing this, he might give the guilty plotters such a scare as would cause them to retreat, and so baffle their design. The thought flits across his brain, but is instantly abandoned. They are not of the stuff to be frightened at shadows. By their talk, at least two are desperadoes, and to make known his presence would be only to add another victim to those already doomed to death. What is he to do? For the third time he asks himself this question, still unable to answer it. While painfully cogitating, his brain laboring to grasp some feasible plan of defence against the threatened danger, he is warned of a change. Some words spoken tell of it. It is De Lara who speaks them.

"By the way, *camarados*, we're not in a good position here. They may sight us too soon. To make things sure, we must drop on them before they can draw their weapons. Else some of us may get dropped ourselves."

"Where could we be better? I don't see. The shadow of this old boat favors us."

"Why not crawl under it?" asks Calderon. "There Argus himself couldn't see us."

Harry Blew's heart beat at the double-quick. His time seems come, and he already fancies four pistols at his head, or the same number of poniards pointing to his ribs.

It is a moment of vivid anxiety—a crisis dread, terrible, almost agonizing. Fortunately, it is not of long duration, ending almost on the instant. He is relieved at hearing one of them say:

"No; that won't do. We'd have trouble in scrambling out again. While about it, they'd see or hear us, and take to their heels. You must remember, it's but a step to where their boat will be waiting them, with some eight or ten of those big British tars in it. If they got there before we overtook them, the tables would be turned on us."

"You're right, Don Manuel," rejoins De Lara; "it won't do to go under the boat, and there's no need for us to stay by it. *Mira!* yonder is a better place—by that wall. In its shadow no one can see us, and the gringos must pass within twenty feet of it. It's the very spot for our purpose. Come!"

No one objecting, the four figures start away from the side of the boat; and, gliding silently as spectres across the strip of sandy beach, disappear within the dark shadow of the wall.

CHAPTER XXV.

CRUSADERS, TO THE RESCUE.

"What am I to do?"

It is the ex-man-o'-war's man, still lying under the launch, who thus interrogates himself, for the fourth time, and more emphatically than ever; but also in less dubious accent, and less despairingly. True, the conspiring assassins have only stepped aside to a spot from which they may more conveniently descend upon their quarry, and be surer of striking it. But their changed position has left him free to change his; which he at length determines upon doing.

Their talk has told where the man-of-war's boat will be awaiting to take the officers back to their ship. He knows the new wharf referred to, the very stair at which the Crusaders have been accustomed to bring their boats to. It may be the cutter with her full crew of ten—or it may be but the gig. No matter which. There cannot be fewer than two oarsmen, and these will be sufficient. A brace of British tars, with himself to make three, and the officers to tot up five—that will be more than a match for four Spanish Californians. Four times four, thinks Harry Blew, even though the sailors, like himself, be unarmed, or with nothing but their knives and boat-hooks. He has no fear, if he can but bring it to an encounter of this kind. The question is, can he do so?

In five minutes he can reach the pier—in five more be back. If he but find the *Crusaders* there, a word will warn them. In all it might take about ten minutes. But, meanwhile, Crozier and Cadwallader may get upon the ground, and one minute after that all would be over. A terrible struggle agitates the breast of the old man-o'-war's man; in his thoughts is a conflict agonising. On either side are *pros* and *cons*, requiring calm deliberation; and there is no time for this. He must act.

Sprawling out like a lizard from beneath the launch, he glides off silently along the strand, at first with slow, cautious steps, and crouchingly, but soon erect, in a rapid run, as if for the saving of his life, for it is to save the lives of others, almost dear as his own. The five minutes are not up, when his footsteps patter along the planking of the hollow wooden wharf. In ten seconds after he stands at the head of the sea-stairway, looking down. Below is a boat with men in it, half-a-score of them seated on the thwarts, some lolling over against the gunwales asleep. At a glance he can tell them to be Crusaders. His hail startles them into activity, one and all recognising the voice of their old shipmate.

"Quick!" he cries; "quick, mates! Come along with me. Don't stay to ask questions; enough for you to know that the lives of your officers are in danger."

It proves enough. The tars don't wait for a word more, but spring up from their recumbent attitude and out of the boat. Rushing up the steps, they cluster around their comrade. They have not needed instructions to arm themselves. Harry's speech, with its tone, tells of some shore hostility, and they have instinctively made ready to meet it. Each has laid hold of the weapon nearest to his hand, some a knife, some an oar, others a boat-hook.

"Heave along with me lads!" cries Blew. And they "heave" at his heels, rushing after, as if to extinguish a fire in the forecastle.

Soon they are coursing along the strand, towards the upturned boat, silently, and without asking explanation. If they did, they could not get it, for their leader is panting, breathless, and almost unable to utter a word. But five issue from his throat, jerked out disjointedly and in hoarse utterance. They are;

"Crozier—Cadwallader—waylaid—robbers—murderers!"

Enough to spur the Crusaders to their best speed, if they had not been already at it. But they are, every man of them straining his strength to the utmost. As they rush on, clearing the thick fog, Harry at their head listens intently. As yet he hears no sound, only the monotonous swashing of the sea, and the murmur of distant voices in the streets of the town. But no cries, no shouts nor shots; nothing to tell of deadly strife.

"Thank the Lord!" says the brave sailor, half speaking to himself, "we'll be in time to save them."

The words have scarce passed from his lips when he comes in sight of the capsized launch, and simultaneously he sees two figures upon the beach beyond. They are of human shape, but through the fog looking large as giants. He is not beguiled by the deception; he knows them to be the forms of the two officers magnified by the mist. No others are likely to be coming that way, for he can perceive they are approaching, and, as can be told by their careless, swaggering gait, unsuspicious of danger; little dreaming of an ambuscade that in ten seconds more may deprive them of existence.

To him, hurrying to prevent this catastrophe, it is a moment of intense apprehension, of dread, chilling fear. He sees the young officers almost up to the place where the assassins should spring out upon them. In another instant he may hear the cracking of pistols, and see their flashes through the fog. Expecting it even before he can speak, he nevertheless calls out:

"Halt there, Mr. Crozier! We are Crusaders. Stop where you are. Another step, and you'll be shot at. There are four men under that wall waiting to murder you. D'ye know the names—Calderon and Lara? It's them!"

At the first words the young officers, for it is they, instantly stop. The more promptly from being prepared to anticipate an attack, but without the warning. Well timed it is, and they have not stopped a moment too soon. Simultaneous with the sailor's last speech the sombre space under the wall is lit up by four flashes, followed by the report of as many pistols, while the "tzip-tzip" of bullets, like hornets hurtling past their ears, leaves them no doubt as to who has been fired at. Fired at, and fortunately missed, for neither feels hurt nor hit.

But the danger is not yet over. Quick following the first comes a second volley, and again with like result. Bad marksmen are they who design doing murder. It is the last. In all likelihood the pistols of the assassins are double-barreled, and both barrels have been discharged. Before they can reload them Harry Blew with the Crusaders have come up, and it is too late for De Lara and his confederates to employ their poniards. Crozier and Cadwallader bound forward, and placing themselves at the head of the boat's crew, advance toward the shadowed spot.

The young officers have long since drawn their pistols, but prudently retain their fire, seeing nothing sure to aim at. Now they go with a rush, resolved on coming to close quarters with their dastardly assailants, and bringing the affair to a speedy termination.

But it is over already, to their surprise, as also chagrin. On reaching the wall they find nothing there save stones and timber. The dark space, for an instant illuminated by the pistol-flashes, has resumed its grim obscurity. The assassins have got away, escaping the chastisement they would surely have received had they stood their ground.

Some figures are seen in the distance scuttling along a narrow lane. Crozier brings his revolver to bear on them, his finger upon the trigger. But it may not be them, and staid by the uncertainty, he refrains from firing.

"Let them go!" he says, returning the pistol to his pocket. "'Twould be no use looking for them now. Their crime will keep till morning; and since we know their names, it will be strange if we can't find them, though not so very strange if we should fail to get them punished. That they shall be, if there's a semblance of law to be found in San Francisco. Now, thanks, my brave Crusaders. And there's a hundred pound note to be divided among you. Small reward for the saving of two lives, with a goodly sum of money. Certainly, had you not turned up so opportunely——. But how came you to be here? Never mind now. Let us get aboard; and you, Blew, must come with us. It'll do you no harm to spend one more night on your old ship. There you can tell me all."

Harry joyfully complies with a requisition so much to his mind; and instead of tossing discontentedly on a couch of wet sand, he that night sleeps soundly in his old bunk in the frigate's forecastle.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

COMMON SENSE vs. PREJUDICE.

By R. V. PIERCE, M. D., of the World's Dispensary, Buffalo, N. Y., Author of "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," etc., etc.

I am aware that there is a popular, and not altogether unfounded, prejudice against "patent medicines," owing to the small amount of merit which many of them possess. The appellation "Patent Medicine," does not apply to my remedies, as no patent has ever been asked for or obtained upon them, nor have they been urged upon the public as "cure alls." They are simply some favorite prescriptions, which, in a very extensive practice, have proved their superior remedial virtues in the cure of the diseases for which they are recommended. Every practicing physician has his favorite remedies, which he oftenest recommends or uses, because he has the greatest confidence in their virtues. The patient does not know their composition. Even prescriptions are usually written in a language unintelligible to any but the druggist. As much secrecy is employed as in the preparation of proprietary medicines. Does the fact that an article is prepared by a process known only to the manufacturer render that article less valuable? How many physicians know the elementary composition of the remedies which they employ, some of which have never been analyzed? Few practitioners know how Morphine, Quinine, Podophyllin, Leptandrin, Pepsin, or Chloroform, are made, or how nauseous drugs are transformed into palatable elixirs; yet they do not hesitate to employ them. Is it not inconsistent to use a prescription, the composition of which is unknown to us, and discard another preparation simply because it is accompanied by a printed statement of its properties with directions for its use?

Some persons, while admitting that my medicines are good pharmaceutical compounds, object to them on the ground that they are too often used with insufficient judgment. I propose to obviate this difficulty by enlightening the people as to the structure and functions of their bodies, the causes, character, and symptoms, of disease, and by indicating the proper and judicious employment of my medicines, together with such auxiliary treatment as may be necessary. Such is one of the designs of the People's Medical Adviser, forty thousand copies of which have already been published, and are sold at the exceedingly low price of $1.50, and sent (post-paid) to any address within the United States and Canada.

If you would patronize medicines, scientifically prepared, use my Family Medicines. Golden Medical Discovery is tonic, alterative, or blood cleansing, and an unequaled cough remedy; Pleasant Purgative Pellets, scarcely larger than mustard seed, constitute an agreeable and reliable physic; Favorite Prescription, a remedy for debilitated females; my Compound Extract of Smart-Weed, a magical remedy for pain, bowel complaint, and an unequaled Liniment for both human and horse-flesh; while Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is known the world over as the greatest specific for Catarrh and "Cold in the Head," ever given to the public.

These standard remedies have been before the public for many years—a period long enough to fully test their merits, and the best argument that can be advanced in their favor is the fact that their sale was never so great as during the past six months.

POETRY is the work of nature, not of art. Poetry—true poetry we mean—we talk not of your namby-pamby boarding-school rhymsters—true poetry is truth itself, rushing into being in the beauty of symmetry. Educated truth may be tutored into prose; but heaven-born, untutored truth must march in the dignity of verse.

RECEIPTS.

MUSTY bottles or jars may be sweetened with lye or dissolved soda. Let either remain in them a short time, then dry and scald them. They will not become musty if a little salt be kept in them.

To extinguish kerosene flames fling a cloth over them, or, if the flour barrel is handier, throw on flour, which absorbs the fluid, kills the flames, and can be readily cleaned up afterward.

A KNIFE SHARPENER.—It is a difficult matter to obtain a "steel" which retains its sharpening qualities for any length of time. A common round file answers the purpose admirably. Fasten it in an old knife handle, and it is ready for use.

BRASS ORNAMENTS.—Brass ornaments should be washed with a strong lye made of rock alum, in the proportion of one ounce of alum to a pint of water; when dry, rub with leather and fine tripoli. This will give to brass the brilliancy of gold.

KEEPING MILK SWEET.—A simple and effectual remedy for the prevention of milk turning sour in summer time consists in adding to each quart fifteen grains of bicarbonate of soda. This does not affect the taste of the milk, while it facilitates its digestion.

A TABLESPOONFUL of black pepper put in the first water in which gray and buff linens are washed, will keep them from spotting. It will also generally keep the colors of black or colored cambrics, or muslins, from running, and does not harden the water.

VEGETABLES should never be washed until immediately before being prepared for the table. Lettuce is made almost worthless in flavor by dipping in water some hours before it is served. Potatoes suffer even more than other vegetables through the washing process. They should not be put in water till just ready for boiling.

TO CURE HOARSENESS.—When the voice is lost, as is sometimes the case, from the effects of cold, a simple, pleasant remedy is furnished by beating up the white of one egg, adding to it the juice of one lemon, and sweetening with white sugar to the taste. Take a teaspoonful from time to time. It has been known to effectually cure the ailment.

REMEDY FOR TOOTHACHE.—The following formula seems to be serviceable, as the creosote will have an anæsthetic action, while the ammonia will act in the same way as bicarbonate of sodium, by neutralizing any acid present in the tooth: Take equal parts of creosote, strong solution of ammonia and tincture of myrrh. A very small piece of cotton wool to be soaked in the mixture and put in the hollow of the aching tooth.

TO KEEP THE HAIR FROM FALLING OUT.—Wash the head every week in salt water and rub the skin of the head with a dry coarse towel. Then apply a dressing composed of bay rum and sweet oil, with which a few drops of tincture of cantharides have been mingled. This will stimulate the skin and keep the hair from falling out and turning gray. The dressing for the hair may be scented with cinnamon oil or some such warming essence.

REMEDIES FOR BURNS.—Tar gives immediate relief from pain as it excludes the air from the burned surface. Linseed oil (unboiled) applied with a feather also allays the burning; so does finely carded wool laid thick upon the wound. Arnica tincture diluted with water is good for a burn. An excellent liniment for burns and scalds is made by filling a two ounce vial a third full of strong limewater and the remaining two thirds with sweet oil. This should be shaken well before applying. A correspondent gives her remedy for burns as follows: Spread unsalted lard on a cloth and sprinkle thickly with black pepper, apply and the effect is magical.

As people learn how true economy it is to use Dobbins' Electric Soap (made by Cragin & Co., Philadelphia), the common, adulterated, dishonest soaps are being driven out of the market. Try it.

ITEMS of INTEREST.

— The street cars of New York carry over 160,000,000 people annually.

— Upwards of 20,000 letters were posted in England last year without any address, among them one which contained $10,000 in bank notes.

— Pullman palace cars have been introduced in England, Belgium, Russia, Germany, and now the turn of France and Italy has come. American inventions are growing fashionable.

— During the seven years of the existence of the New York Foundling Asylum 6,000 children have been received into it, and about 1,300 mothers have been sheltered. There are now about 1,450 children under the care of the institution.

— A proposed law to provide against such an anomaly as a headless government, in case of death of the incumbents, by designating the line of officers eligible to assume the Presidential chair, will be considered by the present Congress.

— Four Oneida county, New York, cheeses were shipped to England the other day, which weighed between 1,100 and 1,500 pounds each. They were sent as show cheese for the Christmas holidays, and a mitey sensation they will be apt to create.

— The work on the East river bridge, New York, thus far has cost $5,800,000. It is estimated that at least $10,000,000 more will have to be raised. This done, the bridge will probably be completed by July, 1878. The expenditure for labor and material averages about $78,000 per month.

— A drunkard who was to have a finger amputated in the presence of the Albany Medical College students, by Dr. Armsby, died under the influence of chloroform; and the surgeon says that in nearly every recorded instance of death from an anæsthetic the patient was addicted to intoxication.

— There are now five cables connecting Europe with America, three running from Newfoundland to Ireland, one from Brest (France) to Duxbury (Mass.), by way of St. Pierre, and the direct cable recently laid. The cables from Newfoundland are about 1,900 miles long, the direct cable 3,060 miles, and the French cable 3,330 miles in length.

— A wire suspension bridge, which will be the highest structure of the kind in the world, is to be constructed over the Delaware river at the Water Gap. Its Pennsylvania anchorage will be the summit of Mount Minsi, Mount Tammany forming the abutment of the New Jersey side. These peaks are 1,600 feet high. The length of the bridge will be 3,000 feet, and its cost $100,000.

— It will be a surprise to many to learn that of the 957,334 domestic servants in the United States, 704,780 were born within the United States. Prof. Walker brings this fact out from the statistics of the census in the last number of *Scribner's Magazine*. It will be to a large degree explained when it is stated that 353,975 of these are from the former slave States, nineteen-twentieths of whom are colored.

— One day, during one of the monster meetings of Moody and Sankey at Brooklyn there appeared a very solemn-looking, devout man who showed intense devotion, sang, cried, and held his head down with his handkerchief to his face throughout the service. When it ended and as he was leaving the building a policeman tapped him on the shoulder and took him to the station where, on being searched, his pockets turned out a large medley of stolen articles of value, including some $200. He was rifling pockets, and would have done his business well had he not been recognized and watched by the agent of the law, though disguised with wig and false whiskers.

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Saturday Evening, Jan. 1, 1876.

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SANTA CLAUS.

A funny old man with a pipe so funny,
A flowing white beard, and a face so sunny,
That it gave the pale moonlight a golden glow,
And seemed to warm the glittering snow.
The funny old man was laden with toys,
And he tossed them down without any noise,
Till in beautiful heaps they lay.

Santa Claus is very popular just now. His name is in the mouths of all little folks; sundry queer epistles are indited to him, beseeching a remembrance in the shape of a doll, a rocking-horse, a trumpet, or some much desired toy. Possessed of boundless resources is Santa Claus, in the belief of childhood; a charming variety of mysterious gifts are at his disposal; and, more than that, he has the enviable reputation of liking to make the little people happy. Never was a saint more extensively popular.

The history of Santa Claus—a curious mixture of truth and fable—goes far back into the ancient times. Centuries ago a child was born in Asia Minor who received the name of Nicholas. His parents were wealthy and of high rank, and desiring to express their gratitude to God for the birth of their son, resolved to educate him for the Christian priesthood. The child was sober and thoughtful, and while yet young both his parents died, and he inherited their great wealth. He considered the riches a sacred trust; he fed the hungry, he clothed the destitute, and performed all kinds of good deeds as secretly as possible. As a priest he was greatly beloved; as a bishop he continued his benevolence. After his death the church canonized him, and he became one of the greatest of patron saints. He was revered as the helper of the poor, the protector of the weak, and as the especial patron saint of the children, who were taught to believe that their good gifts came from him.

Many miraculous incidents were added to the story of his life which the untutored people fondly believed. Saint Nicholas was the name given him by the monks, and this was familiarly changed to Santa Nic'laus, and finally clipped down to Santa 'Claus, who is still represented as retaining his old habits of secret benevolence, and coming down the chimney at night laden with Christmas presents for children.

A pleasant fiction it is to them, under cover of which that charming secrecy concerning the donors of gifts is kept up, though little eyes and ears and minds are keen, and Santa Claus is usually very well known to them as a much more modern personage than old St. Nicholas. But the children enjoy the harmless pretense, the mysterious filling of stockings, and the heavily laden Christmas tree.

THE SCHOOL OF LIFE.

The whole of life may be regarded as a great school of experience, in which men and women are the pupils. As in a school, many of the lessons learned there must needs be taken on trust. We may not understand them, and may possibly think it hard that we have to learn them, especially where the teachers are trials, sorrows, temptations and difficulties; and yet we must not only accept their lessons, but recognize them as being divinely appointed.

To what extent have we profited by our experience in the school of life? What advantage have we taken of our opportunities for learning? What have we gained in discipline of heart and mind? How much in growth of wisdom, courage, self-control? Have we preserved our integrity amidst prosperity, and enjoyed life in temperance and moderation? or has life been with us a mere feast of selfishness, without care or thought for others? What have we learned from trial and adversity? Have we learned patience and submission? or have we learned nothing but impatience, querulousness and discontent?

The results of experience are, of course, only to be achieved by living, and living is a question of time. The man of experience learns to rely upon Time as his helper. "Time and I against any two," was a maxim of Cardinal Mazarin. Time has been described as a beautifier and as a consoler, but it is also a teacher. It is the food of experience, the soil of wisdom. It may be the friend or the enemy of youth; and Time will sit beside the old as a consoler or as a tormentor, according as it has been used or misused, and the past life has been well or ill spent.

DUST AND ASHES.

BY L. C. D.

Betwixt your home and mine,
Oh! Love, there is a graveyard lying:
And every time you came,
Your steps were o'er the dead and from the dying.

Your face was dark and sad
Your eyes had shadows in their very laughter,
Yet their glances made me glad,
And shut my own to what was coming after.

Your voice had deeper chords
Than the Æolian harp, when night winds blow,
The melancholy music of your words
None but myself may know.

And oft you won my heart,
By vows unbreathed, by words of love unspoken,
So that, as now we part,
You have no blame to bear, and yet 'tis broken.

How shall I bear this blow, how best resent it?
Oh! Love, you have not left me e'en my pride
No strength to put aside nor to repent it:
'Twere better I had died.

You came beneath my tent with friendly greeting,
Of all my joys you had the better part,
Then when our eyes and hands were oftenest meeting,
You struck me to the heart.

No less a murderer, that your victim living
Can face the passing world and jest and smile,
No less a traitor, for your show of giving
Your friendship all the while.

Well, let it pass, the city churchyard lying
Betwixt our homes is but a type and sign
Of that waste in your heart, and the eternal dying
Of all sweet hopes in mine.

ROUGH NOTES FROM THE STREET.

BY CHAS. E. CARLISLE.

A New Year! a new leaf turned!

A basement, three stories and an attic, retreating from all contact with poverty. Outwardly fastidious, inwardly, a gorgeously furnished apartment. All that wealth can purchase or vanity desire, all the outward semblance of refinement and taste; pictures by the best artists; musical instruments of delicious harmony, and perfect construction; chairs, divans and ottomans fashioned for castle of Indolence; carpets woven by fairies; singing birds and a perfumed fairy-tented couch; fruits and wine on the elegant sideboard. Books, dainty volumes in the blue of the sky, and the gold of the mint united with artistic skill; the pencil of Dore everywhere; on paper as soft and as mellow as a rose-leaf in the glint of setting sunshine.

On the soft cushions of its lounge, a young man in the prime of young manhood, handsome, gifted and rich; born with check-book in his hand, yet so far in life only dead muscle.

A man sometimes talks aloud to himself. Bret Woodward did it.

"Bret Woodward, what do you amount to in this life? Come now, be candid! This all confidential between you and I. Sum it all up and tell me what you amount to. This is New Year's day, a day when the Past and Future are both naturally brought together for your contemplation and reflection. Outside your window you hear the shrill whistle of the bleak razor-wind. You see the whirling snow-powder filling the air like a shower of almost imperceptible diamond-dust, and Chestnut Street is thronged with purple-nosed gentlemen buttoned to the throat, encountering ladies, red-nosed and wrapped in soft warm cloaks. Keenly sensitive poverty skulks through back streets.

"Now, Bret, would you be missed if you should suddenly drop out of this life? Yes, I hope so. By whom? Missed by the idlers at the club; missed at the race-course stand; missed at the opera; missed in the ball-room; missed in the promenade; missed at Cape May; missed in the wine vault—in all these cynically missed. Is that all, Bret Woodward? Yes; that makes up your life, don't it? Oh, what an empty, purposeless existence that is, Bret. Think of it this New Year's day. To-day is New Year; a good time to turn over a new leaf. Yes, and it shall mark the turning point in my life. For the future I shall be felt and feel. I mean to get my finger on the world's pulse and be a part of it. To-day I shall plan, to-morrow I shall become a part of real life, living not only in the reputable, the plausible, the half only, but resolutely in the whole, the good and the true."

Comfortably near the glowing grate, with tiny, slippered feet resting in pleasing companionship on a low stool. What a picture she was! A brow high and intellectual, shadowed with exhuberant tresses of silky glistening brown, a part of it descending in wild and captivating negligence upon her neck, and over her white shoulders. The eye, sweet and liquid, evincing a depth of soul combined with an angelic chastity, and a modesty pure and sensitive. Lips full of ripe delicious curves; a matchless smile. All making Isabelle Clinton a reigning belle, a predominant star in the social firmament.

Ladies scarcely ever talk aloud to themselves. They think aloud.

"I wonder why Bret doesn't call? How it snows! I wonder if people do suffer so much from poverty? All has been bright and fair to me, yet I really believe that I have only an ideal notion of poverty. Novels have taught it to me, with the rose-hues of the poetic medium—the imaginative clothing it for my view."

True, Isabelle. That is the sentimental. The ideal you possess has never been dissipated by a close collision with what are called the sterner realities of life—its rougher side, its poverty, its selfishness, its depravity and its vice; and yet, latent in her bosom lay a vast fund of tenderness—responsive alone to the ideal. Those liquid eyes would melt in their own softness over the distresses of her favorite heroine, and the 'Orphans,' at the theatre, or the 'Little Nells' of the books wakes the tenderest sympathies of her pure soul, but she did not know that these were but shadows of real beings, born to an inheritance of suffering within the shadow of her own home.

"And this is New Year's day, and I remember that our pastor said we all have influence, we all have a mission of life. True, I cannot go out into these alleys where the poor are said to live, but I wonder if I cannot do something here at home. Perhaps John, the coachman, knows of some suffering people. I will call him.

"John, do you know of any very poor people who may be suffering for food?"

"Indeed I do, miss. Right back in that little alley I found, yesterday, a mother and three children starving for food. I gave them all I could spare, miss; but unless they have more help, they will die of starvation, miss."

"Starving for food, and in the shadow of this house. Go to Eliza, have her fill a basket with food; bring it here, and then show me the way to *this family*."

An hour later a bright fire burned in that home of poverty, showing a gaunt starved woman, with great black eyes which had a look of hunger and terror, as if the shadow of Fate had clutched her throat; showed, too, the glistening diamonds on the fair hand of Isabella Clinton as she held this starving sister woman in a sitting posture and gave her nourishing food.

But brighter than all these shone the eyes of this noble girl, who was ministering to this starving family, and realizing for the first time in her young, gladsome life the full measure of that saying: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto them, ye did it unto Me."

THE GATHERING TOGETHER AND ONWARD MARCH OF A GREAT REPUBLIC.

BY A. H. WHARTON.

The latter part of the fifteenth century forms an era in the history of nations that will be forever famous, marking on its page events, whose importance the minds of men could not then begin to comprehend. Whether or not the blue eyed Norsemen had already sailed across the northern seas to America, we know not certainly; but it seems to us, in glancing back over the centuries, that the age was only now ripe for the discovery of new lands and continents. Men, bold, earnest, and self sacrificing, such as Columbus, the Cabots, and others who succeeded them in their voyages toward the setting sun, arose when the world needed them to act their great part in the march of progress. Little known and appreciated by their cotemporaries, as is often the case with master-minds, to be revered and honored by posterity. Bancroft says of Sebastian Cabot, "he gave England a continent, and no one knows his burial place."

Although, like the leader of the hosts of Israel, his grave cannot be pointed out, his name is embalmed in history and in the minds of men. Europe was waking from the long sleep of the Dark Ages—this century was pre-eminently one of discovery and advance. The compass had been applied by Flavio Gioja, giving a great impetus to navigation, gunpowder had come into use, in Germany, the art of printing had been invented within a few years, and in the little town of Eisleben, Martin Luther had seen the light, whose thoughts and teachings were to stir man's souls to their very depths, and awaken in them longings for freedom, and aspirations that the old world, with its dogmas, its barriers, and its restraints could no longer contain or satisfy. Deeds were no longer to rule among men, the era of the reign of ideas and truths was dawning, and a field for their expansion and development was needed—such a field a new world only could afford.

Granada had been wrested from the Moors by the arms of Spain, and her exultant cavaliers cast their eyes toward America, seeing on her distant shores new lands to conquer, and untold wealth to gain.

Strange it seems that Columbus' firm belief in an undiscovered country beyond the known seas—which no arguments or ridicule had power to shake—lying ready to be gathered into the arms of the mother church, should have led him to our land, where later men of every creed sought a home in which they would be free to carry out their individual preferences.

Strange also, that a mistaken notion that this continent was "far off Cathay," teeming with gold, should have drawn the navigators of Europe to a country that was destined to give a mightier impetus to civilization than China, with all her wealth, had ever given, or could give. It is said that the scarred veteran Ponce de Leon was enticed hither by the promise of finding within our borders the fabled fountain of youth, in which he could bathe and be forever young—we shrewdly suspect that gold was one of the most powerful magnets that drew him in his westward course toward Florida.

John Cabot had already stepped upon the mainland of America, planting further north the standard of England, and taking possession in the name of King Henry Seventh. Balboa had settled the Isthmus of Darien, and thus gained the honor of planting the first colony on the American Continent. Three years later, while in search of gold, (for these bravely-apparelled cavaliers loved gold as much as men do now, and sought it as eagerly), Balboa first saw the Pacific Ocean. To us, with our practical nineteenth-century ideas, the picture of these splendid Spanish warriors, in their rich costumes, descending from the mountain height, and stepping into the sea to plant there the flag of Spain, and solemnly dedicate it to the crown of that country, presents an almost ludicrous spectacle. The inconstant sea, who could claim it? What hand had power over its waters, save One, only? Would it be less likely to engulf the fleets of Spain because her King was called its master? So, through the mists of the years we can look at Balboa and smile, forgetting to admire the brave and earnest spirit of this pioneer in the work of colonization.

Some came to the new country for gold, others to wash away the remembrance of crimes committed in their native land; not a few Spaniards, from the love of adventure awakened by the romantic incidents of the siege of Granada, set out toward a fabled Eldorado, where they would land, establish the true church, and rule as kings. Others came, like the credulous Prince de Leon, to bathe their weary limbs in the fountain of eternal youth found instead disappointment, and a grave.

Juan Ponce de Leon, the discoverer of Florida, having distinguished himself under Ferdinand in the wars that had wrested Granada from the hands of the infidel, was rewarded for his services by being permitted to accompany Columbus on his second voyage to the New World. He was first made governor of Cuba, and subsequently of the fertile island of Porto Rico, from which he was finally displaced for political reasons. Ambitious, avaricious, enterprising, and desirous above all else to renew his youth, Ponce de Leon fitted out a fleet of three vessels, and set out on "his voyage to fairy land," which he reached on Easter Sunday of the year 1512. This day is called by the Spaniards Pascua Florida; or Flowery Easter, hence the appropriate name of the Peninsula distinguished for the beauty and variety of its flowers and vines. Ponce de Leon landed near what is now the town of St. Augustine. As a reward for his discovery he was entrusted by the King of Spain with the difficult and dangerous mission of *settling the Peninsula*, which he essayed to do seven years later.

In the meantime Lucas Vasquez de Allyon, having fitted out two slave ships from St. Domingo, sailed along the coast as far north as the Carolinas, and by his deeds of cruelty first taught the natives to dread the advances of the white man. One of his ships, filled with slaves, was lost on the homeward voyage; but Vasquez returned to Spain to boast of his enterprise at the Court of Charles Fifth, and gained authority to further prosecute his base designs. His second voyage was even more disastrous than the first, and reaching Florida soon after Ponce de Leon reaped the reward of Vasquez' crimes, for the natives, having learned to hate the white men, met the Spaniards with determined hostility. All who were not slain were forced to regain their ships. Ponce de Leon, mortally wounded, returned to Cuba to die.

Thus ended the first attempt on the part of the Spaniards to settle Florida, and thus perished the bold enthusiast, who had dreamed of wealth, power and perpetual youth to be enjoyed within its borders.

The second attempt to explore and colonize this peninsula was made by Narvaez, and was an entire failure. Of the three hundred men who set out with him, but four or five returned. These had wandered west beyond what is now Louisiana, and told such wonderful tales of the wealth and fertility of the land, that, undaunted by the ill success of Narvaez and his band, men were again filled with a desire to go up and possess it.

To Ferdinand De Soto Charles Fifth of Spain consigned the government of Cuba, with full power to conquer and hold this vast *terra incognita*, known under the general name of Florida, although it extended north and west far beyond the limits of the State now bearing that name. Of the gay and brave cavalcade of warriors who set out from Cuba in 1539, with this child of fortune, the adventurous De Soto, for their leader, we have often read—of their trials, sufferings and endurance in their wanderings through the virgin forests of the New World, and of their cruelty to the natives, too, alas!

What wonders must have been daily unfolded to the eyes of the explorers during their travels, which extended as far north as Carolina in the east, and to the confines of southern Missouri in the west, passing through immense tracts of woodlands, and by the brinks of great rivers, until they reached the Father of Waters, and upon the banks of the Mississippi erected a cross made of a pine tree, where, in the presence of thousands of red men, they offered their prayers to the living God. Gathering around them, with gifts in their hands, the rude children of the forest would have worshipped the Spaniards as "The Sons of Light," but De Soto said, "Pray only to God, who is in Heaven, for whatsoever ye need."

Here the way-worn travelers must have for a time enjoyed a season of rest and refreshment, feasting upon the fruits of the land, and being attended by the kindly natives.

Later, while again pursuing his journey, De Soto was attacked by a malignant fever, which proved fatal. Away from friends, love and country, the man whose career had opened so brilliantly, who seemed the favorite of fortune and of kings, and whose name was destined to descend to posterity as the discoverer of the Mississippi, perished miserably, and found a grave in the great river to whose shores he had first penetrated.

No longer encouraged by the presence of their leader, the remnant of De Soto's company set out on their homeward journey, and reached the Gulf of Mexico in July, 1543, a spiritless and weary band, having failed to find the gold they coveted, and not being deeply impressed with the glory of having discovered the greatest of rivers.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

As the Prince of Wales is just at present rather a prominent personage in the eyes of the world, and his movements and progress in India are chronicled far and wide, a few facts relating to his allowances, expenses, etc., which are not generally known, will be, we are sure, of some considerable interest to our readers.

It is now close on twelve years since the "establishment" of the Prince took place, on his marriage in 1863. The Parliament added £40,000 a year to the inherited £60,000 from the Duchy of Cornwall, making together an annual sum of £100,000. The Princess received an annuity of £10,000; and there were besides the abundant savings from the Duchy during the minority, which reached the handsome sum of £540,000. Of this amount £220,000 was laid out in the purchase of an estate at Sandringham; £100,000 on a suitable outfit; £60,000 on a house, etc., for the estate; while £100,000 more, it was stated, would be absorbed by repairs to farmhouses and improvement of farms as they dropped out of lease, which would leave a balance of about £60,000 on hand. Lord Palmerston, indeed, declared at the time that the working balance would be scarcely appreciable. The figures, however, seem loose enough, and allow the widest margin, especially in the case of the £100,000 for repairs to farm-buildings, etc., which would be held over till the occasion served. In a recent semi-official *expose* in which the state of the Prince's affairs were set out, it was said that large additional sums had been sunk in the estate, but which had brought no return. This probably refers to the sum set apart for the keeping farmhouses in repair and the general improvement of the estate. Till it was thus used, however, it must have borne interest. So that the whole income from all sources, including the Princess's jointure, would thus have amounted to about £115,000 a year.

On this state of facts the question arises, would such a sum be sufficient for one in the particular position of the heir to the throne? The test so often applied, and supposed to dispose of the matter, that many English noblemen are in the enjoyment of far larger incomes, seems rather idle and irrelevant, for many English noblemen are in the enjoyment of incomes out of all proportion to a private person's wants and position. Such vast wealth has come to them either by the discovery of coal, by the rise in the value of building ground, or by other fortunate chances. They do not enjoy it by long inheritance, by gift, or privilege. More, however, to the point, is the fact that a member of the Prince's family will by and by be in possession of a larger annual income, as the Coburg succession and the wealthy Russian connection will put the Duke of Edinburgh in possession of a fortune greater than that of his elder brother's. This is not the result of accident, but of inheritance, and the question will naturally occur, if one brother be deemed worthy of such advantages, why should the other, whose position is so much more splendid and important, be placed in an inferior position?

A more satisfactory test will belong to the kind which the English people have always loved, viz., one drawn from precedents. No one grumbles when a fair, indisputable precedent is produced to regulate the difficulty. A short review of the treatment of preceding princes will help us to a conclusion.

One hundred and sixty years ago the great-grandfather of George IV. received an allowance from the public purse of no less than £115,000 a year—a sum equivalent, at the lowest computation, to about £180,000 in our own day. Thirty years later, another Prince of Wales, grandfather to George IV., received £100,000 a year, certainly equivalent to £150,000 in the money value of our day. George III. also received the same sum. His extravagant son, George IV., when Prince of Wales, was granted a sum of nearly £70,000 a year, on his first "establishment" in 1783; but this smaller amount was fixed because of the exhaustion of the nation from wars, and of the penurious and severe habits of the king. It was thought ample sufficient for a young and unmarried man, who was, indeed, little more than a youth. It was, however, felt at the time that the smallness of the allowance would inevitably lead to debts and embarrassment, and, four years later, the king was obliged to add £10,000 a year to the moderate sum. Eight years were sufficient to overwhelm him with debt. At the time of his marriage he seemed inextricably involved, and his debts amounted to the enormous sum of £600,000. To discharge these, Parliament increased his income to £140,000 a year, of which £25,000 was sequestrated for paying off claims, leaving him a sum of about £120,000 a year. It should be remembered that this vast amount of debt did not represent money actually received and spent, but usurious charges for money lent, long credit, etc.; so it might be urged that, had he enjoyed a sufficient income, it might have covered even his extravagant outlay, which would have been thus distributed over a course of years. Finally, in 1811, when the prince was appointed regent, the handsome allowance of £400,000 a year was at once granted to him. This was granted to enable him to perform the more ornamental duties of royalty; not, it will be at once seen, to maintain the regular kingly functions, for which a sum of about double this is given at the present moment.

From the old king's civil list was defrayed the usual charges of state, etc.; while the sum allotted to the prince, was destined for suitable entertainments at Carlton, reception of foreign guests, and all that went to support the dignity and magnificence of the Crown. This important division is worth bearing in mind, as there is a curious analogy between the state of things in the years 1811 and 1875. Then the sovereign was entirely withdrawn from royal state, and the heir-apparent performing all the ornamental duties; and, to enable him to do so, this large sum was considered necessary.

The Prince does not, indeed, perform official royal acts, which, since the days of George III., have been enormously reduced in amount and value; but it would be difficult to distinguish his duties of state and regal representation from those performed by the regent in 1811. The Sovereign now lives in permanent retirement, wearied or disgusted with the duties of royalty. The motives of such withdrawal, inscrutable as they may be, are assumed to be sufficient, and worthy of all the respect due to so amiable and respected a personage. But the result is the same as in 1811—a non-representation of the office. The moral is, that though merely heir to the throne, the Prince has now the expenses and outlay of being on the throne.

—*London Society, Nov.* 1875.

LABOR-SAVING MACHINERY. — The London *Engineer* tells a strange story of the prejudices of English workmen against labor-saving machinery. It says that there are many manufacturers who have the machinery, but cannot use it, and this machinery remains unproductive and unused, not because of defects or for want of knowledge of how to make it work, but because of the opposition of the workers themselves to its use. One of the manufacturers referred to by the *Engineer* has idle machinery worth $15,000, and another machinery worth $50,000, which they are afraid to operate for fear their manufactories should be burned down by hostile workmen. Half a century ago such feelings and sentiments as give rise to the hostility against labor-saving machinery were quite common, but the great majority of workingmen in this country at least have learned that the inventor is not their enemy, and that, notwithstanding all his ingenuity and inventions, he cannot yet keep pace with the growing demands of civilized communities. "Necessity is the mother of invention," and invention born of anything else lead but languishing lives. Labor-saving machinery, if it meets a real necessity, multiplies the demands of men, and opens up new industries; if it does not meet a necessity, it will not be used—and in either event it is not an enemy to the working man.

ENGLISH VERSUS AMERICAN WATCHES.—Sir Edmund Beckett, a scientific "horologist," says of the English and American watch, that the former, with its fusee and chain, is composed of 638 more pieces than the latter, and has therefore 638 more chances of breakage. He speaks approvingly of the American system of omitting the chain and depending on the direct action of the main-spring, because the watches thus made are cheaper and less liable to get out of order, and are quite as good time keepers when the chain and fusee are omitted.

IT is no merit to accomplish an object by difficult instruments when easy ones are at hand, or to reach an end by a circuitous road when there is a straight course. Michael Angelo being told of an artist who painted with his fingers, exclaimed: "Why does not the blockhead make use of his fingers."

CENTENNIAL NEWS.

THE Swedish school building, alluded to in a former issue, has arrived in sections and will be erected half-way between the Art Gallery and Horticultural Hall. It is intended to illustrate the educational system of Sweden and Norway.

THE Emperor of China intends to make a noise at the Centennial. He is going to ship a grand collection of gongs to the Exhibition: and if more than forty-seven are beaten at one time, some visitors will wish he was in Halifax with his gongs.

MR. J. H. HEAP, United States Consul at Tunis, writes that the Bey of Tunis has arranged for a varied display at the Centennial, including essences, gilt brackets, woolen and silk goods, national costumes, jewelry, arms and saddlery. He will also send two large Arab tents to be erected in the park. Some French and Tunisian merchants are also arranging for a display of Oriental merchandise.

MR. MARTIN F. TUPPER has written a drama in five acts entitled "Washington," which he intends to have brought out in this country during the coming Centennial year. It is said that Mr. Tupper will come over in person and superintend the introduction of the play. The characters represented are Washington, Franklin, Patrick Henry, John Adams, Benedict Arnold, Lafayette, Andre, Martha Washington, and Mary Arnold.

JOHN SARTAIN, Esq., head of the Art Department, has received a photograph of a colossal statue for the Antietam Soldiers' Monument, to be placed on the exhibition grounds, which was wrought out of granite by the New England Granite Works, of Hartford, Connecticut. The height of the statue is 21 feet, and its weight thirty tons. It represents the volunteer soldier in Union uniform, at rest, with his musket in hand.

THE Centennial Commissioners of New Hampshire think of moving the house in which Horace Greeley was born to the Exhibition grounds in Philadelphia. The house stands on the old Greeley farm in Amherst, near Manchester, and is an old-fashioned one story and a half oak-framed building, containing only four rooms. Its occupant is William Brown, an old man of eighty-four years, who has lived there for nearly half a century. A correspondent of the Boston *Herald* says the Commissioners have offered to build him a new house if he will let them have the old one, but he refuses, demanding instead $2,000 for the old house.

THE Horticultural Department is progressing finely, and collections of ferns and other plants are arriving frequently at the hot houses attached to the Horticultural Building. The building and grounds will be open for the reception of exhibits until the 1st of May, 1876, after that date no article will be admitted except such plants as are not sufficiently hardy to permit their being planted out until later in the season; such plants will be admitted not later than the 1st of June, and their removal not earlier than the 1st day of October, 1876. All exhibits, except plants that are not sufficiently hard to permit their being planted out until later in the season, must be in position and finally arranged not later than May 1st, 1876.

THE list of special buildings on the Centennial grounds is constantly increasing, and present indications are that their total number will be from 200 to 250. Most of the important foreign nations—England, Germany, Austria, France, Sweden, Egypt, Japan, and others—are putting up one or more structures each for exhibiting purposes or for the use of the commissioners, exhibitors, and visitors. Offices and headquarters of this kind, usually of considerable architectural beauty, are provided by the States of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, New Jersey, New York, Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Missouri, Kansas, Virginia, West Virginia, Nevada, Wisconsin, Iowa, and Delaware; and it is likely that others will follow the example.

THE Grangers, who have projected an encampment next year in connection with the Centennial Exposition, on a plan recently described in our columns, have made arrangements with the Pennsylvania Railroad Company for transportation facilities between their encampment grounds and those of the exhibition. The encampment will be located about four miles from the exhibition inclosure, and the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will construct a branch road between the two points, charging a small fare, probably about fifteen cents for the round trip, for carrying the Grangers from their encampment and back to the exhibition. In this way the Grangers will be enabled to spend a season here during the Centennial at a minimum expense.

PERSONALITIES.

MR. SOTHERN will return to the United States in March next.

THE son of the Grand Vizier at Teheran, colonel in the Persian army, and recently on the Shah's staff during his tour, has become a Christian.

EMPEROR WILLIAM keeps a French cook and is said to study the bill of fare proposed by that functionary as carefully as one of Bismarck's reports.

IT is said that Tennyson wrote the famous song, "Come into the Garden, Maud," fifty times before it took its present shape, and that "Locksley Hall" cost him six weeks' labor.

THE son of Arsene Houssaye was married in Paris last week, with considerable display and the presence of a good many dukes, marshals, academicians, etc., at the Church of Saint Philippe-du-Roule, to a young California lady of wealth and beauty.

A STORY is extant that Martin Van Buren, who, when a candidate for office—as he frequently was—found his wife weeping over a bitter personal attack upon him in one of the newspapers. "Why, my dear," said the wily sage of Kinderhook, "I paid $50 to have that printed."

AS the Emperor of Brazil is coming to the Centennial next year it might be well to begin practically on pronouncing his name. It is "His Majesty Senor Don Pedro II de Acantara, Joas Carlos Leopoldo Salvador Bibiano Xavier de Paulo Leocadio Miguel Raphael Gabriel Gozago, Constitutional Emperor and Perpetual Defender of Brazil."

CAPTAIN COOK, of the Yale University crew, has hit upon a new plan for training his men. A rowing-seat, with an outrigger, is attached to the edge of the float of the Yale boat house, and the beginner is thus enabled to concentrate his attention on his stroke without being distracted by efforts to maintain his balance and keep the boat steady.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE was obliged to decline an invitation to the Balaklava banquet, lately held in London, on account of ill health. She has for years been very feeble and almost constantly confined to her room by illness induced by over work. However, she is by no means idle, and writes that she can still work, and thanks God for the power.

DR. KENEALY recently visited the Tichborne claimant in Dartmouth Prison, and was shocked at his appearance. His weight has been reduced from 280 to 120 pounds. He was only skin and bone, and his complexion was that of a dirty coal miner who had not washed his face for six weeks. The prisoner expressed no confidence that his release would be procured, even though the whole industrial classes of England signed in his favor. He said he was being slowly starved, and should die in prison.

WILLIAM, Emperor of Germany, has been presented by some friends in Berlin with a collection of original manuscripts of famous composers. Among them are two quintets by Spohr, a piano piece by Thalberg, an Italian air with orchestral accompaniament by Carl Maria von Weber, a symphony by Schubert, and the first score of Beethoven's eighth symphony, having various running comments of the composer on his own work, such as: "This will never do." "No good." "Will I have this repeated?" etc.

THE wreath of flowers, with a raven and pendant bells, that was placed on the monument to Poe, at the close of the dedicatory ceremonies, was the tribute of the stage, and was placed there in honor and remembrance of the poet's mother and father, who were players. It came from Mr. Ford's dramatic companies, and Mrs. Jane Gormon—whose maternal grandfather and grandmother were professional comrades with Poe's parents on the Baltimore stage—was actively instrumental in causing this gracious and tender testimonial to be offered.

IT was said of Gladstone, some years ago, that he would die in a monastery or a mad house, and now many persons in England, not at all friendly to the great man, freely express their opinion that the latter part of the prediction is likely to prove true. Very recently the ex-Premier sold his entire library to a second-hand bookseller in London. He parted with books which one would think he would have held almost sacred—presentation copies, dedication copies, books filled with his own manuscript notes, rare old volumes, etc. The library was bought back by Lord Wolverton, one of his near relatives, at a very small advance. This proceeding of Mr. Gladstone is regarded as very extraordinary, and many persons in London fear that he is losing his mind.

GRIP'S CORNER.

CROAKINGS FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

A NEW WAY TO SLEEP.—Many of you, children, have your maids who go with you when nature tells you that you need a nap, while your little brother and sister have their nurses, or perhaps the kind mother sometimes, to "hush-a-bye" them to sleep. How do you suppose the little ones are put to sleep in the mountainous districts of India? Years ago I saw it and it is a most curious custom. Wherever there is a flowing stream of water convenient, a shed is built and under it troughs of stone filled from the stream. From these troughs there are little hollow reeds which spout out the water with a gentle and light fall, and under these sprays of water the children are placed just so that the water plays on their foreheads. It puts them to sleep instantly and they sleep soundly and well, too, and don't wake up every few minutes with a little whimper, like some children do whom I have heard of. These little Indians never catch cold in their heads and they grow up strong and healthy men. Whether the water-sleep does much to make them healthy, I do not know, but I have seen dozens of children sleeping this way and they all seem to like it. I never saw one who didn't. Tell your old family doctor about it, and see if he thinks as much of the process as Grip does.

SPARROW JACK.—Those of you who live in the larger cities or towns near the coast of the Atlantic, need scarcely be reminded of the merry chirping sparrows, who are the only feathered visitors remaining in the north during the winter. These merry and yet quarrelsome little fellows, as you might suppose from the possession of these qualities, are natives of England, and have not been "acclimated," as it is called, in this country more than a few years. I had made a memorandum on a feather, of the date and all about it, but that feather was shed some time ago; however, I think it was in 1870 that the first load was brought over from the old country by Mr. John W. Bardsley, an Englishman residing at Germantown, Pa. Mr. Bardsley is a house painter by trade, and coming across so many bird's nests under the house eaves, he began to pine for the little bird of his native hills. So, across the ocean he went, and back he came with the sparrows, feeling lonely no more. The little fellows have multiplied wonderfully, and with later importations, they fill the towns of New Jersey, Delaware, and Eastern Pennsylvania. They are especially thick at Germantown, around the houses of Mr. Bardsley and a Mr. Button—also an Englishman. If you ever go to Germantown, stop and see Mr. Bardsley, who lives nearly opposite the Chew House, so famous from the battle of 1777. Ask him to tell you all about the sparrows, because, as ravens don't associate with the little chaps to any great extent, he can tell you much more than I can. Ask him to show you the curious inscription on his masonic mark, and if it is in the season for it, just drop a word that Grip has recommended you to try a glass of his ice-cold buttermilk.

P. S.—Don't forget the buttermilk.

NEW LAMPS FOR OLD ONES.—All children know the story of Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp, and how the magician's brother secured the lamp by wandering around, when Aladdin was out, and offering new lamps for old ones. No doubt Aladdin's princess thought the old peddler very silly to give a bran new lamp for one which had been in use for so long a time, but what would she have thought of the earls and lords and other rich men of England, who are to-day giving away fortunes in solid gold coin and bank notes, for old lamps and vases, not worth one-millionth part as much as was that of Aladdin? As high as fifty thousand dollars has been recently given for a pair of vases of a certain material called Sevres china, while prices of twenty and thirty thousand are common. Every now and then, some such crazed notion gets into the heads of people, and they call it a "mania." Years ago, England had a stock speculation called the "South Sea Bubble," and everybody excepting a few old fogies, put money into it—and the old fogies were the only ones who didn't lose. In Holland, the quiet Dutch started a "tulip mania," and the little onion shaped roots brought enormous prices—for a while. In America, your fathers have gone through the "silk-worm mania" and the "oil fever." All of these, however, promised large returns in some shape. They were what are called "speculations," the name given to that class of purchases wherein we expect to sell for more than we give, and so make money by the transaction. This buying of old china, however, is not a speculation of this sort. The rich men in England who are now buying these rare old vases, expect to keep them in their houses and point them out to the visitor who is not so well off, so that a feeling of envy may be excited. Well, children, as it is not right to excite such feelings, you and I will not buy any of these fifty thousand dollar vases.

"I THINK the rain is very provoking," said Bessie Jones, looking out of the window with an angry frown on her brow. "It is very provoking; it always rains when I don't want it. It is spoiling the slides, and there won't be an inch of ice left in an hour to skate on. Now where's any fun this afternoon, I should like to know?"

"You can stay at home and sew," said her aunt.

"I want to skate," said Bessie. "This rain is very provoking."

"The provoking is all in your own heart, Bessie," said her brother. "If you only had blue sky inside, you would not mind the rain outside."

Yes, it is so. Blue sky inside—that is, a sweet, serene temper—takes all the little disappointments of life without fretting.

THE happiness of our lives depends much on the active performance of the duties of our station; nor have we any right to infer that, if they are not properly discharged, they would be *better* if we moved in a more exalted sphere.

"WHO DO YOU THINK HAD SEEN THAT KISS?"

THE OLD YEAR'S REMONSTRANCE.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

The Old Year lay on his death-bed lone,
And ere he died he spoke to me,
Low and solemn in under tone,
Mournfully, reproachfully.
The fading eyes in his snow-white head
Shone bright tho while their lids beneath.
These were the words the Old Year said—
I shall never forget them while I breathe:

"Did you not promise when I was born"
(Sadly he spoke, and not in ire)
"To treat me kindly—not to scorn—
And to pay the debts you owned my sire?
Did you not vow with an earnest heart,
Your unconsider'd hours to hive?
And to throw no day in waste away
Of my three hundred and sixty-five?

"Did you not swear to your secret self,
Before my beard was a second old,
That, whatever you'd done to my fathers gone,
You'd prize my minutes more than gold?
Did you not own, with a keen regret,
That the past was a time of waste and sin?
But that with me, unstained yet,
Wisdom and duty should begin?

"Did you not oft the vow renew
That never with me should folly dwell?
That, however Fate might deal with you,
You'd prize me much, and use me well?
That never a deed of scorn or wrath,
Or thought unjust of your fellow-men,
Should, while I lived, obscure your path,
Or enter in your heart again?

"Did you not fail?—but my tongue is weak,
Your sad short-comings to recall."
And the Old Year sobb'd—he could not speak—
He turn'd his thin face to the wall.
"Old Year! Old Year! I've done you wrong—
Hear my repentance ere you die!
Linger awhile!" Ding-gong, ding-dong—
The joy-bells drown'd his parting sigh.

"Old Year! Old Year!" He could not hear,
He yielded placidly his breath.
I loved him little while he was here,
I prized him dearly after death.
New Year! now smiling at my side,
Most bitterly the past I rue.
I've learn'd a lesson since he died;
I'll lead a better life with you.

PATTY PAYNE PAPERS.

BY MARGERY LAIRD.

"Oh, Miss Mar-r-rg!"

It was Toby's voice, I knew, and only Toby could have attained the lengthened sweetness of that long drawn out "Miss Mar-r-rg," so I turned and waited for him under the chestnut tree, waited no little while either, for Toby never had been known to hurry in his life. He sauntered slowly towards me with his hands in his pockets, and an expression of entire oblivion to an impatient young woman calling at intervals, "Toby, *do* make haste!"

"Well, what do you want with me? I can't wait, child; I am going to take my music lesson."

"Couldn't the teacher wait?" inquired Toby, with an air of great solicitude for my music master's peace of mind. "See here; I saw a fellow from Dotterer last night, one of the long-haired sort, you know."

Toby was Patty in pantaloons, but Patty a good deal run to seed. He was redder haired, blue eyed, even blonder, and not any larger, being a lanky little lad, with some of Patty's meekness and a spice of Patty's mischief—in short, the most aggravating child I ever saw.

No, I didn't know about the fellow from Dotterer, and I didn't care; so I started on indignantly—for my Roger was in those days a Dotterer student, and wore his brown locks upon his shoulders in the German style—and Toby smiled broadly, and kept on smiling—and—you see I had abundant foundation for my desire to slap Master Payne.

"Don't want to know who the fellow was?" asked Toby, stalking away in his little copper-toed boots close at my side.

"No!" said I, snappishly.

"Then I won't tell you," said Toby, as if that settled the question, and he turned back. "Well, I don't suppose it will be any use to give her the letter either!" he soliloquized.

I wheeled around at once.

"What letter, Toby Payne?"

I at once associated the letter with the long-haired student, and tried to throw a proper amount of indifference into my voice.

"A letter! Did I mention a letter, Miss Marg? Yes! Ah, well, surely—surely——" This from Toby, in Dr. Payne's best manner. "So I mentioned a letter. I haven't got any. It must have been a slapsaum stingo, Miss Marg."

I was slightly put out.

"What have you got in your pockets, you naughty, exasperating boy? Oh, but I'll tell your father on you! And I hope and trust he will whip you soundly——"

"And put me to bed," quoted Toby, "like the old woman who lived in a shoe."

"And I'll write to Patty——"

"Much she'll care," remarked her brother, with a serene smile. "What have I done, please?"

Only ruffled me up the wrong way, until I gave out sparks—figuratively speaking—like an electric battery, and kept me in the cold until my nose was red and my fingers freezing. But I remembered that I was his Sunday school teacher, and forgave him, inquiring mildly:

"What have you got in your pockets, Toby Payne?"

"An apple, two cents, four pieces of string, a brass key, pint of chestnuts, half a door knob, two tracts, some liquorice root, a rusty nail, piece of pumpkin pie, a little bay, end of slate pencil, and a lock of Patty's hair," enumerated Toby, as glibly as an auctioneer!

"Nothing more? on your honor."

Toby meditated, felt in half a dozen pockets, and meditated some more.

"Let me see," he ejaculated; "on my honor have I?" Then he made a sudden discovery. "Oh, yes! A note or something, I believe."

And he started off at his tortoise-like pace, whistling as he went.

"Isn't it for me, Toby? Give it to me, that's a dear."

"Am I a very bad boy, Miss Marg?" asked Toby, with an intense anxiety that apparently arose from a sudden moral seizure.

"No, indeed, you are getting to be a real good little fellow"—my opinion on that subject being colored, unconsciously, of course, by a white paper sealed with familiar red sealing-wax that appeared somewhere about Toby's left hand. "Now, do give me my letter, dear"—in my most honeyed accents, and my amiability was immediately rewarded, for Toby handed it to me with a very solemn face—an epistle rather soiled by acquaintance with his pockets, sealed duly, and directed to—Hugh! in a feminine, well-known and very characteristic hand.

"Do you think I am really getting to be a good boy, Miss Marg?" shouted Toby from a safe distance down the road.

I took the letter home to Hugh after my lesson, and pondered much about it on the way. Why was Patty's first epistle to Hugh instead of to me? Was it a flag of truce under which little Miss Artful would steal into the enemy's camp? Who could tell.

Hugh was sitting in his big chair before gray ashes, his head was on his hand, and his eyes closed. He had let the fire go entirely out, and looked so weary and lonely and cold that my heart ached for him. I was going out softly, afraid of disturbing him, and intending to order coal, but before I reached the door he opened his eyes and called after me.

"Were you asleep?" I asked, coming back.

He straightened himself up with a half sigh half yawn.

"No, only thinking."

Alas, poor Hugh! His thinking was wearing his dimples into wrinkles and deep furrows on his brow. Yet in all those weeks he had never said one word, good or bad, about Patty Payne.

"Here is a letter for you, from Patty, Hugh," I said, nervously, untying my bonnet strings, and trying to look as if I was not dying to know what was in it.

Hugh held out his hand composedly, and took the letter from me, broke the seal, opened and read it without any more apparent emotion than if it had been a tailor's bill. But he did not offer to let *me* read it, and his face looked more careworn than ever all that afternoon.

After supper, when we were together in the library, Hugh with his book and I with my seam, I sat and stitched away until I could bear the silence no longer. I got up, dropping my sheet in a pile on the floor, and went over and put my arms around his neck.

"What is it, brother?" I said.

"Nothing, little Marg; do I look so very glum?"

"No—not *very*. But, Hugh——" I hesitated so long that Hugh glanced up in my face. "Couldn't you tell me something about Patty Payne?"

Hugh's brow wrinkled.

"A dastard in love, and a coward in war," he remarked, smiling.

"How, Hugh?"

"Afraid to fight Patty's battles, and mean enough to try and get information out of *me*." I knew he was quizzing me, so only smiled back. "Mother Eve has to answer for your present anxiety, I am afraid. I saw that seeds of discontent had been sown by my innocent little note."

"*Do* let me see it, Hugh?" I whispered, with my cheek against his, and blushed the next moment at my own temerity.

But Hugh handed it to me with such an open face, that I took courage and read it through from date to signature.

I give it here with my comments, mental, of course:

"DEAR MR. HUGH—I am dreadfully lonely in this great big school" (then she will get into some mischief) "and very much afraid that my friends never think of me. *You* won't entirely forget me, will you?" (Oh, Patty Payne!) "You see you can picture me shedding penitential tears by the gallon into the cambric handkerchief that I hemmed, you remember, sitting with Marg beside your study fire" (tender recollection!) "But I am not writing to you about my airy sorrows, I am going to beg for a companion in misfortune. It would be *such* a comfort, if Marg could come here and share my banishment" (banishment is a good word!) "*Please* Mr. Hugh. You see I hope you may still be a wee bit influenced by my wishes and forlornness, though I am *now* only

"PATTY PAYNE."

"Dear me! But that '*now*' is telling!" I exclaimed, laughingly and aloud. "Did anybody ever read a more Patty-ish note!"

Hugh, however, looked so shocked, that I was sorry for my levity.

"Don't, Marg," he said, as if I hurt him; "she may not be overwise, but it *is* hard on her, poor child!"

"Would the ideal girl have written to you after all that has happened?" I asked, thoughtlessly, being rather upset, and a good deal elated by having the ice broken at last.

"Ideal girl be hanged!" said Hugh; and I chronicle it here as the only instance, in my knowledge, of my brother Hugh forgetting his gentlemanly ways.

He got up and walked impatiently up and down the room. I do believe that instead of being outdone with Patty he was angry with *me!*

After about five minutes spent by me in a completely cowed and crushed state of mind, he stopped in front of me, and spoke as if with a strong effort:

"I wish you to understand, Marg, that though Patty's folly has been a—a—bitter disappointment to me, and though—though I—" He paused for a second—"would never think of making her my wife, I do not blame *her*. She is childish and—undisciplined. But it pains me, Marg, to hear her faults made a subject for jest."

I felt very much humbled; yet, at the bottom of my heart was a dawning suspicion that I had not, as far as Hugh was concerned, heard the last of Patty Payne. "For, dear, dear! he loves her—poor Hugh!" I thought, while my needle went rapidly in and out of my work.

"Shall I go for the half year at Madame Maitres?" I ventured at last to ask, being not entirely displeased by the unlooked for suggestion of my artful Patty—opening as it did a prospect of novelty and change. I had studied alone, and under Hugh, always, and knew absolutely nothing of the pleasant free masonry of girlhood, so when my brother did not reply to my question, I repeated it. "Shall I go for the half year at Madame Maitres?"

"Why should you?" retorted Hugh.

And why should I, indeed? But he bought me, next day, a pretty little hair trunk, and a couple of new merino dress patterns, and within the week saw me safely as far as the neighboring town of Dotterer, boasting a good cottage and a Fashionable Finishing School for Young Ladies, under the conduct of Madame Celestine Maitres.

There were stages still in our primitive section, and we had a pleasant half day of travel, over good roads and under a lovely sky. It was dark when we got out at the gateway of a tall brick building a mile beyond Dotterer town.

I could see in the dim light that the grounds were extensive and shaded by large oaks. The house did not look so forbidding when we had passed through the shadows and were approaching the front door, though the stretch of blank walls and dark windows was only broken by one solitary light gleaming from a corner room, and winking welcome at us in a dismal way.

Madame Celestine Maitres received us in the same room—a dingy abomination of haircloth and bare waxed floor—after the French. She was a shortwaisted, middle-aged person, decidedly leaning to *embonpoint*, and wearing her hair in immense frizzettes, very low on her forehead, while her light eyes were made conspicuous by beautifully arched black brows. Her skin was very pink and white for a Parisienne — such she informed us she was—and her dress was in perfect taste. Black silk, with a headdress of black lace and red ribbon. I never saw Madame afterward, *in the evening*, without that imposing silk and crimson garniture.

"You would see Miss Patti Payne?" she said, in fluent English, after preliminary introductions and negotiations. "She will be very well delighted; she pines a leetle for home, but a young girl of such sweet docility!"

And madame held up her ringed hands as if words were totally inadequate to express Patty's perfections. I could not resist a mischievous glance at Hugh. Then she rang the bell, while my brother explained that he had but a moment to spare.

"Only a leetle moment!" exclaimed Madame. "Your relatife will be desole. *Not* your relatife? Ah, no? But simply a friend of your seestare, Mees Patti," to the tidy servant who answered the bell.

The girl smiled pleasantly, showing very white teeth, and went out with alacrity. I was confident that her smile was brighter, and her obedience more willing than if any other one of Madame's young ladies had been called.

After a few minutes the door opened and Patty slipped softly in, the same Patty—a little shy and a little constrained in the presence of Madame Maitres, or was it Hugh? Not much inclined to talk, but as rosy and pretty and innocent looking as if she had not half broken Hugh's heart. Nothing to be got out of her just then but "yes" and "no," and timid little glances at Madame, who evidently had no idea of leaving Hugh and the "friend of his seestare" without the propriety of her presence. But Patty found her voice to one gentle and perfectly proper speech to Hugh.

"I knew, Mr. Hugh, that you would let Marg come."

And then she dropped her eyes and blushed—such a significant blush! Madame's eyes were on me at the time. Soon a loud bell sounded in a distant part of the house, and Hugh, tired enough, I imagine, of the weather and Madame's *systime* and Dr. Payne's sermons, rose to go.

"Marg will tell you all about home, Patty," he said, kindly, as he took up his hat.

I kissed him, and Patty shook hands with him, with a pathetic look that said plainly: "You used to kiss *me*, too, when I was a little girl!" While Madame bowed him gracefully out.

"And—ees he then *no* relatife, Mees Payne?" she asked, when the hall door had banged behind Hugh.

"None at all," replied Patty, demurely.

"Yet you permeetted him to call you *Patti*, Mademoiselle!" said Madame, with severity, whereat Patty hung her head. "Conduct your friend up-stairs that she may make a toilette, and then you shall return," directed our preceptress, departing with due dignity, leaving Patty and I at liberty to go out into the hall and grope our way up the dark staircase.

"She is awfully economical," said Patty, in explanation of the obscurity, holding my hands tight all the while. "She considers a dim light, except in the school-room, excellent for the eyes, and fires in the dormitories bad for—the pocket, my dear! The girls say she has been known to pay as much as a centime apiece for the shadows of the college chickens. Think, Marg, how touching! To taste the shadow of which *he* eats the substance! She makes them into soup," added Patty, in a matter-of-fact way, opening the dormitory door.

The long room, with its rows of white beds, was cheerless and cold, warmed only by a diminutive stove.

"Madame allows one pound of coal per stove," jested 'Mees Payne.' "You will like it when you get used to it, Marg. Cool fresh air conducive to balmy sleep, and all that sort of thing," and she proceeded to light a candle with some difficulty and an allumette. "Bless you! we never waste either matches or tallow. It is splendid discipline for future housekeepers. Change your dress, Marg, it will give us a better chance for a talk."

"Thank you," said I, shivering; "but I would rather not."

"You *must*," insisted Patty, seating herself on one of the small cots and looking as if she did not in the least mind the cold. "Madame requires full dress for the evening meal, mademoiselle," with a little grimace.

And then I noticed that Patty had on her blue merino, gold ear-rings, and a frilled white cape. So I proceeded reluctantly to take off my warm travelling dress, and "make a toilet-e," being half frozen by the time I got through.

"Isn't she fearfully and wonderfully made?" said Patty, as I unstrapped my trunk.

"Who?" I asked, laying out my checked silk and lace collars.

"Madame Maitres. Why, my dear, you didn't think her frizzes, and her pearly teeth, and her Cupid's-bow eyebrows were her own?"

"She has a pretty complexion," I said, interrogatively.

"High art—coral tips ditto. She makes up well."

"Why, Patty, where did you learn so much?" said I, horrified.

"Boarding-school rubs off one's rustic simplicity," stated Miss Patty. "But, Marg, what will you think when you see her at breakfast! In a dingy wrapper, with some horrid worsted thing on her head, and eyebrows, frizzes and complexion in the bureau drawer. Are you ready? Come then to our plain but wholesome fare."

By this time a small lamp was burning in the gloomy corridor, and a second bell rang as we left the dormitory. A tall girl, with long yellow ends, waylaid us at the head of the stairs.

"Here, Patty," she said, thrusting a paper of something into Patty's hand, "I saved you some bonbons. I couldn't get a chance to speak to you before."

"You dear thoughtful girl! My friend, Miss Laura Semple," introduced Patty, and the tall girl bowed, and I bowed.

Then she offered me some horrid sugar plums, which I accepted, and slipped into my pocket. So the three of us went on into the supper-room, I feeling slightly excited by my first experience of school life.

About thirty girls of all ages filled the long table in the *salle a manger*, and the smiles and nods directed at us as we entered, attested Patty's popularity, but my little lady herself marched right on with drooping eyelids and settled me near her at the upper end of the table, under Madame Maitres very eye. Madame smiled approvingly on her pupil, who by this proceeding had cancelled the serious offence of knowing a gentleman who called her Patty, and made her blush.

For, as I found out afterward, the superb Celestine was always flattered by any preference from her scholars, and Patty had quite won her heart.

That night Patty, in the cot next to mine, slept like a baby with the moonlight on her fair innocent face. I felt very much like kissing the pretty round cheek, and curving unconscious lips, and yet, fond as I was of Patty, when I remembered my poor Hugh, I cannot say that I blessed her unawares.

I had just fallen into a sweet sleep when I was awakened by a soft cold hand on my cheek, and opened my eyes to find Patty, in her tiny white gown, sitting on the side of my bed.

"Hush!" said she, lifting a warning finger, and cuddling close up to me.

"You will take cold, Patty," I whispered.

"No, indeed, I am cold-proof, but don't talk loud enough for the girls to hear. I am in a queer sort of scrape, Marg."

"Oh, my prophetic soul," I groaned.

"And I want your——"

"Advice?"

"No, dear—sympathy," said Patty dolefully, "it is not a case for advice. Marg, there is a kind of fatality about me."

"There is, poor child!"

"It is worse than mischief this time," and Patty dropped her voice, "it is *mystery!*"

"How sensational!"

"Just listen—did you see Mr. Adolphe last night?"

"Who?"

"Mr. Adolphe Maitres, Madame's brother. He kept her books. A tall, thin Frenchman with a sandy beard."

"Yes, I remember now. What about him?"

"He takes the strangest interest in me."

"Singular!"

"Nonsense, Marg, he is as old as the hills and as bald as Mont Blanc! I think he must be a maternal uncle or something, like the story books. He steals around after me like a cat—and then there is another."

"Another what?"

"Another person who seems to have an eye on me."

"You need it, dear! Is *this* one old and ugly!"

"This one," said Patty with reproachful dignity, "is Miss Hoyt, the under teacher, a common place sort of woman about thirty or so. She watches me all the time."

"In what way?"

"Coming out on me from unexpected places, and always spying around Laura Semple and I. She always looks the other way too when she passes me or speaks to me. Now, you see I am not suspicious?"

"Oh, dear, no!"

"And I will just tell you what made me think that they were spies; not acting in conjunction either, for I never see them together. You remember Dick?"

"Your Aunt Marg's Dick!"

"Yes, he is a student here, rooms with David." David was the oldest of Dr. Payne's flaxen haired flock. "When I first came I got father to make Madame consent to let me go out under David's escort. David is such a stick, never goes anywhere. So Dick and I agreed that he should come for me in David's place."

"Are cousins allowed?"

"No—but nobody knows David here. 'Mr. Payne for Miss Payne' does very well."

"Does David know?"

"How should he?" In a tone of surprise.

"Certainly not, unless you tell him," I remarked drily.

"What would be the use? He never leaves his books, and I *can't* stay shut up here. It has nearly killed me," said plump little Patty with a sigh.

"You seem to survive. Make haste, I am almost asleep."

"Heartless! But you never did appreciate my trials. So Dick wrote to me and asked me to go to a party at the Semple's. Of course, Madame saw the note signed D. Payne. You see *that* wasn't a fib at all," said virtuous Patty; "he *is* D. Payne. I adorn myself—in white muslin with a tunic looped with poppies, a lovely dress—and walked in the parlor for Dick. He came early and ——. You know, Marg, I always kissed Dick, ever since I was *so* high!"

"I will take your word for it, Patty."

"I kissed him then, and he put his arms a *little* way around my waist, and held my hand. There was no harm in that, he is my own dear cousin. But I happened to glance around the room before I went out, and who do you think had seen that kiss? M. Adolphe—I saw him, hateful old thing, crouched down behind the sofa glaring at us! Of course, I passed on in entire unconsciousness, and—saw right on Miss Hoyt who I do believe had been peeping through the door!"

"Important person! To have two people spying on your actions!"

"You ought not to laugh, it is very vexatious! I have been expecting every day to be summoned to Madame's private room to answer for my offence."

"What offence?"

Patty hung her head. "Marg—I was now—just a shade, *perhaps*, more tender than if it had been David! And Miss Hoyt knows Dick, I am afraid—he thinks he met her somewhere."

"Kissing your cousin isn't a capital crime, Patty," I said yawning, "so go to bed."

"But isn't it mysterious, their watching me so?"

"*Very*—especially so in a peeping old maid and a meddlesome Frenchman. Don't be melodramatic, Patty, go to bed."

Patty shrugged her shoulders, and glided away in the moonlight, her long plaits banging to her waist. She seemed to me farther than ever from Hugh's ideal girl, as I thought over this last scrape. But such a dear cute, winning little thing.

A BOY may excel in dress, but address is the characteristic of a gentleman.

HIS SECOND INHERITANCE!

By FREDERICK TALBOT.

Author of the "Winning Hazard," "Tetlie's Fortune," etc.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CHOICE OF DESTINY.

Hardly a wink of sleep did Mr. Arthur Wilford get all the night after his nephew's visit. The fact that the estate of Wilfordhurst was coming to the hammer, and that he might have to buy it, oppressed him like a nightmare. He had no desire to saddle himself with the burden of a landed estate—in fact, a great aversion to the prospect; and yet he felt that he might have to do it. He could not bear the thought of the old line of Wilford of Wilfordhurst being extinguished in this unpleasant way, for he felt that apart from the land that kept it alive the family name would come to nothing.

The more he thought of the matter, the more inclined he felt to venture upon this great change in his way of life. He was not insensible to the increased dignity that would accrue to himself. To be Wilford of Wilfordhurst was something quite different from being Wilford of Avenue-gardens, a mere unconsidered unit in the great sum of London life. Then, again, there was a fine library at Wilfordhurst, a charming comfortable room. London was not far distant; he could have his room in town, and look in at his club, and attend his meetings of learned societies, and so on, just when it suited him.

Morning dawned before sleep fell upon his tired eyelids, and when he woke, an hour later than his wont, no revelation had come to him in his dreams! As he dressed, he determined to consult his nieces at once; they were the most interested; and if their wishes were decidedly against the change of life, he would leave the affair alone.

He said nothing about the matter at breakfast-time. Audrey was pale and heavy-eyed, and seemed to have passed an unquiet night as her uncle. Mr. Wilford, however, took no notice of her ill looks. He fancied that she was grieving for her cousin Westley, and he felt annoyed that it should be so.

Directly after breakfast both the girls were summoned to attend Mr. Wilford in the library. They felt that it must be on a matter of some importance, and a slight trepidation fell upon them.

"It can't be that somebody has proposed for us both," said Hester.

"Nonsense," said Audrey; "it's nothing of that kind. Hetty, will you be a good girl and wait for two minutes here, whilst I speak to uncle alone? I have something very particular to say to him."

Hester complied rather unwillingly.

"Uncle," said Audrey, as soon as she entered the library, "I have come to speak to you for a moment about Westley; you will listen to me patiently, uncle?"

"I am not the choleric uncle of the play," said Mr. Arthur, shrugging his shoulders.

"But I want you to help him, uncle. Some of this money that you mean for us, dear uncle—could you not advance something to him to help him out of his difficulties? He is in bad hands, I am afraid."

"In fact, having squandered one fortune, you would help him to spend another. No, Audrey, I am determined: not a penny of mine shall he have, directly or indirectly. You understand what that involves."

Wilford turned over some papers angrily, and then asked for Hester. Audrey called her in, and he made them sit opposite to him by the fireplace.

"It isn't often that girls like you," he began, "are consulted on matters of business; but on this occasion, as you are very much interested in the matter, I am going to take your opinion. Wilfordhurst, the old estate of our family is for sale. Shall I buy it, and set up as a country gentleman? Think of all it involves, and then speak. We'll act after the fashion of courts-martial, and have the opinion of the youngest first. What do you say, Hester? Shall we give up Avenue-gardens, and go and live at Wilfordhurst?"

"But what sort of a place is it, uncle? Is there good society and a nice house, and plenty going on in the neighborhood?"

"There's a photograph of the house in that green portfolio in the drawing-room, Hester; run and get it, and then you will have some data to go upon."

Hester ran up stairs to fetch the photograph.

"Now," went on Wilford, "what have you to say to the matter, Audrey?"

"I think," said Audrey, quite solemnly, "that as you will not help Westley to keep the estate, it is your duty to take it yourself. There are many old tenants and old servants to whom the extinction of the family would be a real misfortune. Suppose, for instance, the estate got into the hands of some speculator?"

"Oh, if you come to old servants," said Arthur Wilford, half jestingly, "I think that Martin here should have something to say on the matter."

"But you will take him with you, of course?"

"Will he go, do you think? Great as is his attachment for me, the prospect of living in the country will, I fancy, try it severely. But seriously, Audrey, you do think I ought to take this thing up?"

Audrey nodded her head decisively, but seemed hardly able to trust herself to speak.

Meantime Hester had met with some little difficulty in her search. The green portfolio was rather bewildering receptacle, being devoted to scraps and odds and ends of various epochs. There were one or two hideous *silhouettes* of a youth in a high cap and tassel, probably intended for Mr. Arthur himself; a lot of faded caricatures of the H. B. period; a *melange* of more modern drawings and photographs, among which were several of houses and country seats. Which of them was Wilfordhurst?

At this moment Martin glided gently into the room to see how the fire was burning, a solid decorous-looking servitor in a black suit and white necktie.

"Martin," cried Hester, "tell me which of these is Wilfordhurst."

"This one, miss," said Martin, picking one out quietly; "I hope master is not thinking of going there."

"Why not, Martin?"

"It's a bad neighborhood, miss. It's for sale, miss, they tell me; I hope master don't think of buying it."

"It won't hurt you, Martin, if he does."

"Never no good will come of it, miss. Don't let him, miss, if you can help it."

Hester laughed and ran down stairs with the photograph. When she entered the library she was astonished to see the pale serious faces of her uncle and sister.

"It seems a very solemn affair this," said Hester. "Poor Martin has got wind of it, and is prophesying all manner of evil. Well, it is an ugly place," she went on taking the photograph to the light—"a regular barrack of a place; nothing but doors and windows."

Arthur Wilford was a little nettled. This was the home of his childhood, regarded by him as the *Bastalla* at Mecca by the pious Moslem.

"It may not be according to modern taste," he said; "it has no useless pinnacles or gargoyles about it, but it is a sensible, comfortable house. The great drawing-room on the ground floor is a very noble room, and the avenue in front of it is the finest in the county. But perhaps it is altered since I knew it."

"Why should we not go and see the place?" asked Hester. "There is to be a sale there soon, is there not? Let us go over there."

"Yes, I think we must go," said Arthur Wilford. "It will be rather painful, but there are family pictures, and so on, I should like to have; and I must renew my recollections of Fordham. Get out the county history, Hetty, and read out the notices of the parish."

Audrey left the room. It cut her to the quick to hear of poor Westley's affairs being disposed of in this off-hand way, and yet she could see there was no help for it. Hester hunted out the volume, and seated herself comfortably in a settee to read out to her uncle.

"'Fordham, or more properly Great Fordham, is situated upon the little river Duff, or Dove, which a little lower down waters the manorial seat of the Wilfords. In the time of King Edward the Confessor—' But we haven't time to go so far back, have we, uncle Arthur? and we don't care about Doomsday either—that seems too far the other way; but listen. 'It seems that in the Conqueror's time there were twenty-five villains in Fordham.'"

Martin had entered with the coal-scuttle during this recital, and looked quite aghast. "There are more now, if anythink," he said, under his breath, as he shook the coals upon the fire.

"'Get my coat and hat, Martin,' said Wilford, rising, and smiling to himself. "I shall walk across to the Temple, and see Framlingham about the matter."

Mr. Framlingham had offices in the Temple—dingy ill-lighted rooms looking out upon a dull dreary court. It was a very untidy office, crammed with dirty bundles of papers and parchments, and full of dusty rickety old furniture. Framlingham was a cheerful dilatory old lawyer, who had a good *clientele* of elderly country gentlemen, to whom he could chat about their fathers and grandfathers. He was well primed with venerable jokes and time-worn stories, some of which were old enough to have become fresh again, and capable of amusing the *fade* minds of the young people of the day.

Somehow to-day Framlingham's little stories and jokes fell rather flat upon the ears of his client, for Arthur Wilford was preoccupied and dull. Framlingham saw this, and assumed a more serious tone. "Come, my old friend," he said, laying his hand upon Wilford's arm, "we're out of spirits to-day. I think I know the reason. Our nephew, eh?"

"It's town-talk, I suppose," said Arthur Wilford gloomily.

Framlingham nodded. "I knew how it would be," he went on, "when he got into Petworth's hands."

"He's a confounded rascal, eh?"

"He has not such a bad name," said Framlingham. "A wrecker if you like, but one of the most creditable of the fraternity. He looks out for big ships, and breaks them up in a respectable manner. He has a beautiful place down in South Huntshire. That he got out of the Marquis of Brighton, they say; and next, I suppose, he'll get Wilfordhurst."

Arthur Wilford ground his heel on the floor with a gesture of impatience.

Framlingham looked at him meaningly, and laid his hand once more on his arm:

"You must buy it, old friend, you must buy it. It's worth more to you than anybody. All the old associations, all the old influence, would come to you unimpaired."

"Anything rather than it should come to that villain Petworth."

Framlingham's face brightened involuntarily as he reflected that it was an ill wind that blew nobody any good, and that if Arthur Wilford bought the Wilfordhurst estate there would be a good deal of work cut out for him, present and prospective.

But the gust of passion that had shaken Arthur Wilford soon subsided, and left him feeble and undecided.

"I don't think I'll meddle with it, after all," he muttered, shaking his head.

"Well, we shall see," cried Framlingham, shaking his head too, "we shall see."

A stray ray of sunshine shot in at this moment through the dusty window, a great bar of twinkling motes, on which one might well have thought to hang a coat or cloak. It lit up the gray pallid faces of the lawyer and his client as they sat by the rusty old fender in front of the fire. Even that looked old and faded in the bright sunlight.

"I'm too old, Framlingham; too old to change."

"Come, come, old friend, no despondency. Bless me, we have some salt of youth left in us yet. By the way, do you know who this Petworth really is?"

"No; I know nothing about him but the name."

"Well, I heard the whole story the other day—not the full details, but the outline of it. It appears that in his youth this Petworth was a clerk in a lawyer's office in the country; and that, being rather good-looking, with plenty of cheek, he succeeded in attracting the attention of a young lady belonging to a good county family; and that matters went so far that the family had to interfere, and that Petworth was forced to leave the place. But it seems that as soon as he was gone the young lady also was found to be missing."

"Go on," said Wilford, whom this narrative seemed to move a good deal.

"Well, of course, there was a great scandal, and search was made for the pair; and it appears that, partly by threats and partly by bribes, our friend was induced to resign his claims upon the young lady, and that she was eventually restored to the custody of her relatives. With the capital acquired in this peculiar way, he articled himself to a London solicitor, who was also something of a money-dealer; and here he made himself so useful that he was, after a time, taken into partnership, and, on the death of his principal, succeeded not only to the whole practice, but also, by marrying the widow of his late partner, to his very considerable accumulations. Since then Petworth has flourished amazingly, and bids fair to become a great man. I shouldn't wonder, if he acquires Wilfordhurst, at hearing he was made a baronet. Sir Robert Petworth, Bart. It rings as well as any of them, eh?"

"We shall see," said Arthur Wilford grimly, rising to take his leave. "We shall see who will be master of Wilfordhurst;" and he walked out, looking quite bold and defiant. "Sooner than that scoundrel shall have the estate I'll spend my last penny to stop him," he muttered to himself.

Arthur Wilford walked briskly along through the sunshiny spring morning. London was in full spate, and everything looked gay and brilliant. But by the time he had crossed the Park, and come in sight of Avenue-gardens, he felt a little faint and weak, as if the ground he stood upon were not very steady; all the bright world about him seemed suddenly cold and gray. He conquered these feelings by a strong effort, and reached his own doorstep safely.

"You haven't been walking both ways, sir," cried Martin, reproachfully.

Wilford nodded.

"I feel a little giddy, that's all, Martin."

He sat down on a hall chair and rested for a moment. Martin hastened to get his master a glass of wine, which he drank, and then declared himself all right again.

"It's the glare of the sun, Martin," he said.

Martin shook his head doubtfully.

CHAPTER VII.

FROM THE OGRE'S CASTLE.

Puffin Abbey, the seat of Mr. Petworth, is a comfortable modern red-brick house, gothic in its external details, but within fitted up with all modern appliances of luxury and taste. It is surrounded by pleasant grounds that slope down to a swift pellucid stream. On a level platform of turf close to the river bank stands a gray timeworn fragment of the tower of the old abbey church. A few shapeless heaps of stones covered with ivy, ferns, and other verdure, mark a portion of the outline of the ancient building. The whole of the ruins are embowered in trees, and form a sweet sequestered retreat, suitable for the retirement and seclusion of Mr. Petworth as he smokes his Sunday afternoon cigar. As for the princes and mitred abbots and nobles and dames of high degree who, tradition says, were buried within the precincts of the abbey, as well as the nameless crowds of obscure ecclesiastics, they sleep peacefully enough up and down Mr. Petworth's garden. His asparagus-bed covered the site of a tomb of a Saxon monarch, his apple trees struck their top roots into the cisterns of stone that held the bones and dust of long-decayed saints.

The main ornament of Puffin Abbey was not, however, its crumbling stones or its subterranean reservoirs of old bones, but a very charming and attractive young woman, the niece, in fact, of Mr. Petworth, hight Olivia Brown. She was a fine well-grown girl of eighteen or so, with dark hair, eyes of a somewhat almond shape, and with a good deal of eastern softness and allurement about them; her nose was straight and well-cut, with a somewhat defiant upward tilt, an expression that was heightened by a short upper lip, apt to curl derisively at the slightest provocation. The under lip matched the eyes again, being full and ripe and attractive. Her mouth, habitually half opened, showed the gleam of strong white teeth that seemed adapted for biting the hardest substances. Olivia was always well attired in becoming costumes, according to the seasons. Her uncle Petworth spared no expense in her embellishment, for she was the very apple of his eye, and was in full possession of the only soft place in his obdurate heart.

No high jinks ever went on at Puffin Abbey. If Mr. Petworth had rackety sporting friends, they did not show there. Spendthrift young noblemen, money seeking *roues*, were never introduced by Petworth within the penetration of his country retreat. Puffin Abbey was decorous but dull. There was not much society in the neighborhood, and what there was fought shy of the abbey. Petworth's reputation was too well established for genteel people to ignore his peculiar pursuits, else there was little objectionable in Mrs. Petworth, who was a quiet, amiable person, rather devout, and much given to works of benevolence in the way of blankets, coals and clothing for the poor. As she was of a shy, retiring temperament, she did not regret the comparative seclusion in which she was placed. Petworth himself chafed at it sometimes, but then he was not often down there for long together, and was too much engrossed with his own affairs to feel the want of society very keenly.

But Olivia often bitterly lamented her isolation, and sighed for a more varied and lively existence. One of the chief alleviations of her lot was an occasional visit to London to her mother's house.

Olivia had been brought up from infancy with her uncle and aunt, whom she had been taught to call papa and mamma, but she had not been left in ignorance of her real parentage, and she knew her real mother as "Mamma Brown," a title shortened by Olivia in her early years to Mam Brown, a contraction she still made use of. There was no great affection, indeed, between mother and daughter, but they were yet very good friends, especially as Olivia was generally the means of introducing into the straitened household of Mrs. Brown luxuries and comforts she would otherwise have had to forego, and as her visits were the occasion of a series of gaieties which were as much relished by mother as daughter.

"Papa won't be home this week, Olivia," said Mrs. Petworth one morning—the very morning so eventful to young Wilford—at breakfast, looking up from a letter she had just opened.

"Oh, I'm sorry for that," said Olivia; and yawned involuntarily at the thought of a long country Sunday with Mrs. Petworth. "Oh, by the way," she said, rustling the leaves of a letter under her hand, "I have a letter this morning from Mam Brown. She wants me to go and see her. Don't you think this would be a good opportunity now papa is away?"

Mrs. Petworth did not immediately reply. The Petworths were rather jealous of Mrs. Brown, and did not encourage any *rapprochement* between mother and daughter. But they could not put a stop to their intercourse; and, indeed, Olivia had become so much accustomed to having her own way in most matters that they would have hardly ventured to thwart her. After Mrs. Petworth, then, had glanced over at Olivia and satisfied herself that the young lady really meant going, she acquiesced with only the most feeble protest.

"Yes, if you like, Olivia, certainly. I shall feel a little lonely, but go, if you wish. But you had better take Simpson with you" (Simpson being Mrs. Petworth's maid, also serious in her tendencies—"she will be such a protection."

"You would be lonely without Simpson, mamma," said Olivia, "and I should be supremely bothered with her. Besides, she looks down so at everything at Mam Brown's, that it's quite painful to see the altitude assumed by her nose."

Mrs. Petworth gave in on that point.

"But hadn't I better see you safe to Bodley Terrace, Olivia?"

"Oh, quite absurd, mamma! Mam Brown will meet me at Waterloo, and what is the use of your troubling yourself?"

As it happened, Mrs. Brown did not meet her daughter at the station, not knowing by what train she would come; and, indeed, only coming to a knowledge of her daughter's visit by a short telegram that arrived an hour or so before its sender. Olivia, however, was not in the least embarrassed at this, and made the porter put her packages into a hansom, driving away with a delightful sense of freedom and exhilaration.

"I won't go to Bodley Terrace just yet," she said to herself; "I'll have a good look about me first."

She was considerate enough to drive to Petworth's office in the first place, but Mr. Petworth was out. Jobling did not know whether he would be back that night or not. As often as not he slept at his club.

"Jobling, I want to leave my luggage here; and, Jobling, if you are not very busy, could you take it for me to Bodley Terrace?"

Jobling said he could; he had already, as it happened, to take somebody else's baggage to the same place. But he said nothing about this, looking forward to a legitimate profit in the way of double cab fares.

Olivia sat down at Mr. Petworth's desk and wrote a little note to him:

"DEAR PAPA:—Here I am in town, come to see Mam Brown and to enjoy myself. Please send me a nice little check to make ducks and drakes with. I have only five pounds left of what you gave me ever so long ago. Please make Jobling get us theatre tickets—two stalls for every night from Monday to Friday—for the most amusing things going. Jobling will know. I am going to Madame Pompon's to order some new things, and I shall send her to you for a check, as she has not had one for a very long time; and don't make faces over the figures. I shan't ask you to come and see me, as I know you hate Bodley-terrace; but if you are a good boy I will go home with you the next Saturday after this, and shall look out for you by the five train. So no more from your

"OLIVIA."

Having finished her letter, Olivia drove off to her milliner's, and then, with a wry face, to the dentist's. "*Il faut souffrir pour etre belle*," she said to herself. But the cheerful old gentleman who had the superintendence of her teeth had no heroic operations to propose this time. A touch with a file and a little good advice were all she had to endure; and with a happy mind she went off to Mudie's, to remonstrate with the manager of the country department for sending her so few new novels. Finally, she directed her chariot wheels towards Bodley-terrace, not along the back streets, but right down sparkling Piccadilly.

Bodley-street was a sober, decorous thoroughfare that divides the chosen land of aristocracy from the plebeian world roundabout. Bodley-terrace is quite at the foot of this street, and a few hundred yards away from the aristocratic purlieus. The cabman did not know it, and Olivia was obliged to point out the way, and the man, inwardly surprised that so distinguished-looking a young lady should be bound for such a dingy-looking a place, drew up at the door of number eight.

The bell at number eight is not a certain tinkler. It rings down below in some back regions, whence the sound of it cannot reach the upper earth; the wire is elastic, and not tightly stretched, consequently the visitor is never quite sure whether he has succeeded in making himself heard. Olivia was quite aware of this peculiarity in the visitor's bell, and therefore availed herself of the area-bell, the machinery of which was more simple and in better order.

A slatternly-looking maid appeared in the space below, looked up, recognized Olivia with an expansive smile, and disappearing again, after a little delay opened the front door. At the same moment Mrs. Brown appeared in the doorway of the parlor that opened out of the passage and folded her daughter in her arms—or rather in the old faded Paisley shawl that Mrs. Brown was accustomed to wear in the house, and that did duty from early morning till bedtime at night, and which thus performed the functions of a morning wrapper, a midnight *fricasse*, and an evening opera-cloak. That shawl and a threadbare black camlet skirt formed a convenient whole of slothful costume that made its wearer independent of changing fashions and almost indifferent to the charges of the laundress.

Mrs. Brown's kiss was warmer than usual, and slightly flavored with sherry; for, after her trying but successful campaign of the morning, she had given herself a little treat, and had hanselled her five-pound note at the neighboring wine-merchant's.

"Come in, my dear, and warm yourself, and have a glass of wine. Your room will be ready by and by, dear; but Jane hasn't had time to look to it yet. We have another guest in the house"—this in a tone of extreme mystery.

"We were talking of you only just now," went on Mrs. Brown, putting her finger to her lip.

"Of me?" said Olivia. "And with whom, pray?"

"With him. O, my dear, he's so handsome and so unhappy!"

"Who is he, then—your friend? Has he taken the drawing-room floor?" asked Olivia.

"Hush!" said Mrs. Brown; "don't you hear him now?—listen."

"I hear some one poking the fire overhead; then he is a new lodger. I'm very glad, Mam Brown, and I hope he'll pay you—this one."

"He's pacing the floor now. Hark!" said Mrs. Brown, impressively. "You'll hear him groan directly.

In fact Mrs. Brown was so taken up with her new lodger that she could talk of nothing else. Olivia grew rather tired of the subject, especially as she could extract no coherent account of him from the excited Mrs. Brown. At the same time her curiosity was aroused by her mother's pointed descriptions of the young man, who was handsome, aristocratic, miserable.

Presently the bell rang from above, and Mrs. Brown started excitedly to her feet. "Jane can't go," she cried; "she's cleaning the kitchen-stove—what is to be done? Another moment may be too late. I feel sure I heard the click of pistols just now."

"Pooh!" said Olivia. "The poor fellow wants something to eat, and I am sure I do. Look here, Mam Bro I will slip on one of Jane's aprons I make believe to be the servant, and and see what he wants, and then I'll about boiling the kettle. Why d. you have the stove done just at tea time?"

"My dear, Jane wished to do it, as there was company. Well, do go, my dear, and see what the young man wants. It will be such a relief to one's mind to know that he is safe; and if you find him holding a pistol to his head, throw yourself upon him and scream."

"Indeed I shall run away as fast as I can if I see any pistols about," said Olivia, and descended into the kitchen.

"Oh, miss!" cried Jane, rising from her knees and extending her apron as if to shield the half polished grate from her view. "I was so in hopes I should finish it before you came down."

"Never mind the polish, Jane," cried Olivia, shivering, "but put some fire in and boil the kettle. Now give me one of your clean aprons and that little tray."

Olivia, made up as one of the prettiest maid-servants imaginable, knocked at the drawing-room door, and heard a musical masculine voice exclaim, "Come in."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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The River of Dreams, and other Poems. By G. E. O., author of "Thurid, and other Poems." Published by Lee & Shepard, New York.

Notes, Explanatory and Practical, upon the International Sunday-school Lessons For the year 1876. By Rev. Rufus W. Clark, D. D. Published by Dodd & Mead, New York.

An invaluable volume to Sunday-school teachers and scholars as an aid in the study of the International Lessons for the coming year. As the notes embrace the whole year, they afford facilities for reviewing the topics gone over, and thus fastening them in the memory.

The Literature of Kissing. Gleaned from History, Poetry, Fiction and Anecdote. By C. C. Bombaugh, A. M., M. D., author of "Gleanings for the Curious," "Book of Blunders," etc.

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From Porter & Coates, Publishers, Philadelphia:

Abandoned. By Jules Verne, author of "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," etc. Published by Scribner, Armstrong & Co., New York.

This is a continuation of the "Mysterious Island," the first part of which, "Dropped From the Clouds," we noticed a short time ago. The interest of the story is well kept up, and the mystery faithfully preserved. The book is profusely illustrated and elegantly gotten up.

Personal Reminiscences of Constable and Gillies. Edited by Richard Henry Stoddard. Published by Scribner, Armstrong & Co., New York.

This is the tenth and last volume of the "Bric-a-Brac Series," and like the others is one of the most compact and entertaining volumes of literary gossip and anecdotes that we have ever met with. To us, this is the most desirable of the whole series, dealing almost exclusively, as it does, with men of letters, particularly those of Scotland. The reminiscences of Archibald Constable, the great publisher, and Robert Pearse Gillies are highly interesting, and the volume teems with anecdotes of distinguished literary characters with whom they associated or came in contact. The get-up of the "Bric-a-Brac Series" is extremely elegant and chaste.

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American Agriculturist, for December, 1875. Published by Orange Judd Company, 245 Broadway, New York.

The closing number of volume 34, now before us, like its usual issues, is full of good things, varied in contents, which are prepared with much labor, thought and care, and illustrated with over sixty well executed and well printed original sketches and engravings. Holding fast to its old name, which it has carried successfully through the long period of thirty-four years, the *American Agriculturist* swings out its banner for the "centennial Year" with the vigor of the prime of life, and with well founded promises of still greater achievements in its appropriate sphere—that of a plain, practical, highly instructive and trustworthy family journal.

Wide Awake, for December, 1875. Published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.

The publishers evidently intend that each number shall surpass its predecessor. This one is dazzling with pictures, and displays a tempting table of contents.

From Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Publishers, Philadelphia:

Currency and Banking. By Bonamy Price, Professor of Political Economy in the Oxford University. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

This work is founded on the view of Currency and Banking taken in the lectures on the Principles of Currency, delivered at Oxford, and published in 1869.

Two Lectures upon the Relations of Civil Law to Church Polity, Discipline and Property. By Hon. Wm. Strong, LL. D., Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. Published by Dodd & Mead, New York.

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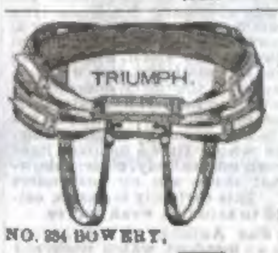

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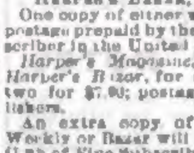

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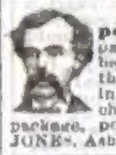

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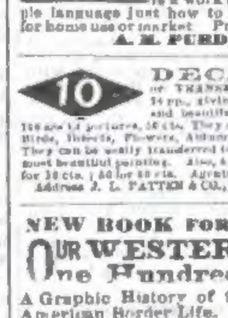

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THE BOUDOIR.

The holiday season is at its height, and, despite the croaking and financial gloom, has been an unusually bright and successful one. Christmas, if cold, has been "merry" to those who have the blessings of good cheer to comfort the appetite and warm wraps wherewith to defy the frosty air. Let us hope that such favored ones have not forgotten to share their good gifts with their suffering brethren—those whom the tender-hearted Anderson was won't to term "God's poor."

Our beautiful thoroughfares have been thronged with fashion and beauty, and such a display of elegant and tasteful costumes that it is no easy task to discriminate as to which was prettiest. In fur-trimmed toilettes we saw one so pretty that we may not pass it by.

The underskirt was of dark brown silk, simply made, with one deep bias flounce on the lower portion—gathered, not pleated—and set on the upper part, with an upright frill of two inches depth as heading. The overskirt was of gray diagonal wool cloth, with a deep nap. It was pointed in front, and at the back, and was but little draped. A border of brown coney fur edged it, and two deep pockets entirely covered with this fur, and silk lined, were placed on each side of the front width. The double-breasted jacket was sleeveless and short in the back, sloping down towards the front, where it was long. It was fur-trimmed, and had also a deep collar of fur. It was buttoned with two rows of large sized vegetable ivory buttons, with eyes instead of shanks. The sleeves of silk, to match the underskirt, had deep cuffs of the fur. A brown silk muff, trimmed with the fur, completed the costume.

Another suit, of dove-gray camel's hair, had a deep round overskirt and Louis XVth basque, trimmed with the new wide braid, fully six inches wide, and of the same shade as the dress material: one row of it edged the overskirt, being stitched down on both top and bottom edge. A deep knotted woolen fringe edged the braid. The basque was trimmed in a similar way. Deep pointed cuffs and Byron collar finished the basque. The muff to match the suit, was of camel's hair cloth and had two rows of the deep braid stitched firmly on, the deep knotted fringe trimmed each end of the muff; and with this pretty little adjunct the costume was at once unique and complete.

A charming costume in two shades of brown cashmere next attracted our attention. The lower skirt, of deep Havanna brown, had three narrow, gathered flounces, each edged with one row of brown ribbon velvet. The overdress was a light fawn color, with a shade of ecru mingled with it. The deep rounded apron was trimmed with three rows of the Havanna brown ribbon velvet at the bottom, and edged with a deep knotted woolen fringe of the same tint as the apron itself. A little higher up this trimming was repeated, giving the appearance of a double apron. A deep pocket, with overlapping flap, trimmed with three rows of the velvet ribbon and edged at the bottom with the fringe, was placed on the left of the fronts of the apron. The back widths were long and rounded, and edged with a deep bias of velvet six inches deep, below this was a row of the fringe. The cuirass basque was sleeveless, and had a double row of buttons down the front. On each side of the buttons were three rows of the narrow ribbon velvet. They came below the bottom edge of the basque, and the surplus lengths were turned up in loops. Two rows of the same velvet edged the basque. A round standing collar finished the neck, and sleeves of the Havanna brown cashmere, having cuffs of the lighter material striped perpendicularly with rows of the velvet ribbon, each row fastened on the upper edge with a button, completed the costume.

A very stylish black velvet basque was cut long in front and at the sides, and short in the back, and had a row of ostrich feather trimming, in the natural gray, around it. The deep sleeves were pointed on the outer seam, and were of the Venetian shape, being lined with gray silk and bordered with a row of feather trimming. Hat to accompany this sacque was of black velvet, with plumes of ostrich feathers in the natural tint, and a rouleau of cardinal colored silk under the rim in front. A cluster of dark red chrysanthemums, with flexible rubber stems, was placed low down on the left side under the brim behind. A muff of black velvet with four rows of the gray ostrich feather trimming surrounding it, was worn with this basque, and completed in good taste the costume.

ODDS AND ENDS.

The newest "dog-collar" necklaces are of velvet ribbon, satin faced, and have an oval pendant of silver gilt in centre attached to a bow of the ribbon. Small leaf and fret work ornaments of the silver gilt are placed at intervals around the throat-band; it fastens with a hook and chain.

Belts of silver plated metal in different designs are shown. Some have closely interwoven links, and are an inch in width; these are loose about the waist, and have a chain pendant for chatelaine, bag or vinaigrette. Others are wider, and have overlapping scales of metal alternated with morocco.

Sleeve-buttons of painted porcelain, set in gold or silver; and quaintly enameled ones, with black ground and bright flower designs, are very fashionable and are worn large.

The newest in scissors is a folding pair to carry in the pocket, sharp pointed and beautiful steel, with Russia leather cases. They are called "French scissors."

Pocket dressing cases are shown in Russia leather, containing tiny tortoise-shell comb, tooth brush, scissors, nail brush, etc.

Pretty work baskets of straw, round in shape, satin lined, and having round handles, closing by folding together, are among the novelties.

Chatelaine bags of seal-skin, with round handles of the skin, are worn with the sacque, muff and toque of the same fur.

Martha Washington handkerchiefs of China crape, embroidered and having deeply fringed edges, are shown.

Ties of pale blue and pink silk, embroidered in white silk twist at the edges, are fashionable for evening and dinner wear.

Collar and cuff boxes are shown in Russia and Turkey leather, kid lined.

Shawl pins of celluloid coral, in branches, shaped here and there with silver bands, are very stylish.

Sashes of delicately tinted faille ribbon, eight or nine inches wide, and having pointed ends of duchess lace, are worn for full dress.

Japanese handkerchiefs, made from the Ramie plant, are among the novelties in lingerie.

Jewel caskets, of silver and gilt filagree, satin lined, and having thick crystal covers, are shown. Some are entirely of crystal, clasped and hinged with silver or gilt.

Small fans in white satin, with plain sticks of ivory, are shown, and are reasonable in price. Larger ones in black satin, with painted sprays of flowers, and filagree gilt sticks, are also much used.

Very pretty hand-mirrors of best plate glass, set in a neat frame of Russia leather, which can be used in the hand or made to stand on a table, are among the pretty things.

Scent bottles in neat Russia cases, are convenient for carrying to places of amusement in the evening, or any crowded assembly.

OUR WORK TABLE.

The holidays not yet being over, there is still a great demand for fancy work. Here is a very ornamental and quickly constructed sofa cushion. The materials required are three quarters of a yard of silk canvas, three quarters of a yard of crimson silk, two bunches of crystal beads, two of garnet beads, six skeins of crimson silk, six of white silk, six of gold-colored silk, three yards of crimson ribbon velvet an inch wide, four flat tassels of mixed gold, white and crimson silk twist. Divide the canvas by measurement into five equal parts, making a line to designate them with a pencil. Over these marks place five pieces of the ribbon velvet, secure to the canvas by fine button-hole stitch on each edge. Across every band of velvet work six double rows of beads—one crystal, one of the garnet. This divides it into sections. In the first section work a white daisy with golden centre, in long point de Russe stitch; in the second a crimson with white centre, and alternate in this manner until all are filled. In the lines of canvas, between the ribbon, work a vine in double herring-bone or cat stitch, in scarlet on one line dotted with crystal beads, in gold color on the next dotted with garnet beads. Make the cushion of the thickness desired, cover first with cambric, then with the silk on the under side and the canvas on the upper; finish the edges with crimson and gold silk cord. Put a tassel on each corner, and your work is happily complete.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Miss Kate L.—The cost of a long hair braid would be fifteen dollars.

Mrs. Mattie Hamilton.—Answered your letter, giving information of price, etc., of opera hood.

Mrs. J. C. Bowman (Providence).—Yes, the hood spoken of would be quite suitable for such occasions as those you mention. For a sleigh-ride it should be lined. White silk or merino would answer for lining. It could be made of white cashmere, just as well as of the scarlet. The price for the pattern is twenty-five cents, with two stamps for mailing when sent by mail. Many thanks for your kind words. Nixon.

THE OLD BACHELOR'S NEW YEAR.

BY C. O. H.

Oh, the Spring hath less of brightness
Every year,
And the snow a ghastlier whiteness
Every year;
Nor do Summer blossoms quicken,
Nor does Autumn's fruitage thicken,
As it did—the seasons sicken
Every year.

It is growing colder, colder,
Every year,
And I feel that I am older
Every year;
And my limbs are less elastic,
And my fancy not so plastic,
Yes, my habits grow monastic,
Every year.

'Tis becoming bleak and bleaker
Every year,
And my hopes are waxing weaker
Every year;
Care I now for merry dancing,
Or for eyes with passion glancing?
Love is less and less entrancing
Every year.

Oh, the days that I have squander'd
Every year,
And the friendships rudely sunder'd
Every year!
Of the ties that might have twined me,
Until time to Death resign'd me,
My infirmities remind me
Every year.

Sad and sad to look before us
Every year,
With a heavier shadow o'er us
Every year!
To behold each blossom faded,
And to know we might have made it
An immortal garland braided
Round the year.

Many a spectral beckoning finger,
Year by year,
Chides me that so long I linger,
Year by year;
Every early comrade sleeping
In the churchyard, whither creeping,
I, alone, unwept, am creeping,
Year by year.

THE OLD BACHELOR'S WIFE.

BY F. A. MILLS.

He was an old bachelor, and his name was Cardell, and he was returning from a wedding—a wedding which was a love-match.

He had seen the tenderness in the bridegroom's face—the beautiful love-smile on the lip of the bride; and he had paid his congratulations and gone his way with a feeling of envy at his heart.

"Oh, if some one would only love me as well I should be so happy! I have plenty of money. Numbers of 'friends,' who would not break their hearts, or even lose their appetites, if I were to be found dead in my bed any morning. But I want the peculiar affection that only can be given by the woman who loves one, or whom one loves. Why can I not feel it as well as other men?"

He had reached his own door. He had stayed to dine at the house where the wedding took place; and—well the wine was very good. It was late at night, and the moon was high. Not a soul was anywhere in sight. He could do as he pleased, even in that great town. His own room offered no temptations to him. He was not sleepy. He sat down upon the steps of the dwelling, and rested his head on his hands.

"If Caroline Croft and I had married each other twenty years ago, I might have been happy all the while," he said. "But that dream died the death of other dreams, and she is married to another man, and I only remember that I love her now. No; I have not remained singly for Caroline's sake. No, no! Why have I not loved, then? Why have I thrilled no woman's heart? Men plainer than I do so every day—men not my peers in anything. If a woman loved me, and I knew it, I should certainly love her. I have a heart buried somewhere."

He wandered on, taking little heed of his course, until he suddenly found himself before a gray church, about which a churchyard full of venerable stones lay peacefully in the moonlight.

Long as he had dwelt here, he had never yet seen this spot; and it attracted his curiosity.

Opening the iron gate, he entered the cemetery, and read by the white moonbeams the black letters on the stones.

The dates which followed were, for the most part, those of years long gone by, that he knew he had not yet begun to live when these lives ceased; but it seemed to him that all of them were married people—beloved wives, lamented husbands! And, in one case, two who had dwelt together in life, in death were not parted. They slept together side by side.

"It must be happier to die with one's head upon a loving breast," he said. "It must be sweet to know some one will weep for us when we are gone; and if we hope for heaven, to feel sure that we shall meet a true heart there at last, and live and love forever!"

Far away along the street, there came to him at that instant a strain of that music which is sweeter than that of any instrument can be—four voices well attuned; one, a boy's sweet soprano.

Some homeward-going youths were singing together:

"No one to love, none to caress,
Wandering alone in this life's wilderness:
Sad is my heart, joy is unknown,
For in this wide world I'm wandering alone!"

He had heard the song before; but now, sung by those clear young voices in the still midnight, it fell upon his ear with more meaning than it had ever had before.

The tears started to his eyes.

Fainter and softer, as the singers put still a wider space between himself and them, their voices fell upon his ear. "No one to love." These were the last words he caught; after that only a faint drift of music that died away upon the breeze.

"No one to love," he repeated, with a low sigh. "Ah! if some one loved me as that girl loves Denton, I would give all I have on earth—nay, even my soul itself!"

"You would, eh?" said a voice close at his ear. "My friend, I've had more to do with women than you have, as a general thing, and I think you offer too much for just one of them."

The old bachelor turned with much confusion towards the speaker, and saw, close by him, leaning over a tomb-stone, an elderly gentleman, dressed from head to foot in black, who was regarding him with a somewhat quizzical expression.

"Dear me! was I talking to myself?" said the old bachelor. "I really don't know what you must think of me, sir; but I've been to a wedding party, and perhaps the champagne has affected my head. I actually think it has. I—I never talked to myself before."

"My dear sir," said the old gentleman, "pray don't dissemble. The champagne has not affected your head. You are quite sober. Look you, sir—I am a man of some penetration. I know you spoke from your heart, and you said, remember, that you would give your soul to be loved by one whom you loved. Men *have* done that. There are many ways of giving one's soul besides the traditional signature on parchment. And so—ha, ha!—you think any woman worth all that? Let's talk it over—cast aside conventionalities, as two men who meet at midnight in a graveyard might well do—and be frank with me."

"Well," said the old bachelor, "I've come to the conclusion that life without a good wife is a dull affair."

"Well, well," exclaimed the little gentleman, "there are things worse than dullness; but I'm something of a fortune-teller, and I can easily tell you whether you'll ever be married or not. Hold out your palm."

"Bah!" said the old bachelor; but he obeyed notwithstanding.

"You'll see her in the course of an hour—that is, if you really think she's worth your soul."

And he suddenly started up and hurried away, laughing discordantly.

"He's either mad, or he thinks *I* am," said the old bachelor; and he, too, hurried out of the churchyard.

At the gate his foot struck against something soft and heavy. He stooped over it with an indefinable thrill running through his frame, and saw that it was a woman. Her face was so pale that she might have been a dead one; but when he touched the white cheek he found that it was too warm for that of death—and oh! how beautiful she was!—and, kneeling down, he lifted her head to his knee, and taking the soft hands in his, began to chafe them.

The moon was sinking in the horizon; the shadow of the church tower fell across the whole white stretch of churchyard, black as ink; and just then the clock, that showed its face high up in the steeple, let fall into the silence one long, solemn stroke.

One! Day had begun, then, and what was this that had begun with it?

What sweet emotion thrilled him through as the woman in his arms turned towards him and opened her long, fringed eyes?

Why, moved by an impulse that he could not resist, did he suddenly bend his face over hers, and kiss her upon lips as soft as rose-leaves?

He knew—he understood with the new day a new life had come to him.

He loved!

He did not know who this girl was, or whence she came. He did not ask; he did not care. He knew nothing but that he loved.

Lifting the fair burthen in his arms, he bore her homeward. She seemed to weigh nothing. His tenderness for her made him strong as any giant.

This was the tale she told him when she came to herself. She had crossed the ocean from a foreign land with her old father. He had died upon the passage; and she, friendless and ignorant of the usages of the country, had been robbed of every penny that she possessed, and had fainted at last at the gate of the churchyard.

The old bachelor listened with tender sympathy. Then he left her in his elegant chambers, and sought a dwelling-place for himself elsewhere. Every day he called upon her. Every day he loved her more. At last he told her so; and she confessed that she loved him, and they were married quietly in the church under the shadow of whose spire he had found her.

The wedding was over, and bride and bridegroom sat together in the twilight shadows that thickened every instant. His arm was about her waist; her head upon his shoulder.

"My love," he said, "I am happier than I have ever been in my life before."

"As happy as you thought you would be when you said you would give your soul for love?" said she.

"Indeed I am," said he; "but I have forgotten I ever told you that. In fact, I was ashamed of it. I've often wondered what the old gentleman thought of me."

"Perhaps it was no old gentleman at all," said she. "The Evil One has many disguises, they say."

He laughed.

The shadows had gathered so thickly, that he could not see the face on his shoulder; but something in the voice startled him.

"Have you caught cold, love?" he asked.

"I'm the last one in the world to catch cold," said she.

"But you are *surely* a little hoarse," said he.

"Oh, dear, no!" she replied.

"And what have you got on your head?" said he. "What trick are you playing me, you little tease?"

She laughed again—such an odd laugh!

"And I am really worth your soul?" she said.

The lamp-lighter had began to travel down the street with the magic wand with which he seemed to invoke light.

The gas-jets flashed up one after the other.

From the window at which they sat they could see the long train of golden stars which marked his pathway; and now he stood before the window at which these two sat, and lit a lamp that sent its rays straight into the room, and without removing his clasping arm, the man turned his head and looked down upon the face on his shoulder.

The instant he did so he uttered a cry.

It was not the face of his beautiful young wife, but that black and red one adorned with horns which tradition bestows upon Satan.

"What, in the name of all that is good, does this mean?" he cried.

"The devil has many shapes," said the creature, holding him close with its great claws. "You remember you thought love worth your soul. You have had love, and now I have you."

The lamplight glittered in the terrible black eyes.

"Come, now," said the policeman. "Come, now, Mr. Cardell. This ain't no time to be sitting out o' doors asleep. You've been to a party, I reckon. Come, now, wake up, sir. At your age, the night air ain't a good thing. Wake up! Here's your hat."

Mr. Cardell woke up.

He had fallen asleep on his doorstep and had never been to the churchyard at all. Indeed, there was no churchyard in that neighborhood. And the old bachelor had certainly had his share of champagne and a fine dream.

"It is growing colder, colder, every year,
And I feel that I am older every year."—SEE POEM.

It is not prosperity so much as adversity, not wealth so much as poverty, that stimulates the perseverance of strong and healthy natures, rouses their energy and develops their character. Burke said of himself: "I was not rocked and swaddled and dandled into a legislator. *'Nitor in adversum'* is the motto for a man like you." Some men only require a great difficulty set in their way to exhibit the force of their character and genius; and that difficulty, once conquered, becomes one of the greatest incentives to their farther progress. It is a mistake to suppose that men succeed through success; they much oftener succeed through failure. By far the best experience of men is made up of their remembered failures in dealing with others in the affairs of life. Such failures, in sensible men, incite to better self-management, and greater tact and self-control, as a means of avoiding them in the future. Ask the diplomatist, and he will tell you that he has learned his art through being baffled, defeated, thwarted, and circumvented, far more than from having succeeded. Precept, study, advice, and example could never have taught them so well as failure has done. It has disciplined them experimentally, and taught them what to do as well as what *not* to do—which is often still more important in diplomacy.

Men are protected from insult and wrong, not merely by their own skill, but also, in the absence of any skill at all, by the general spirit of forbearance to which society has trained all those whom they are likely to meet.

POSTSCRIPTS.

Mr. Maskelyne, a magician, performing in Egyptian Hall, London, England, announces the following fact: "The spirit form of John King commands the fetters to drop from the hands and feet of the performer. The spirit, without touching Mr. Maskelyne, brings him from the cabinet to the committee, who examine and testify that there are no knots attached. Mr. Maskelyne thereupon gradually ascends from the stage, and, following the pointed direction of the spirit, floats in the air over the audience, and within a few inches of the lofty dome in the centre of the hall. The body then changes position and returns to the stage in a horizontal position. During the whole time a brilliant light is thrown on the body, clearly showing that there are no suspenders used." This certainly is a trick calculated to astonish weak nerves.

The San Antonio (Texas) *Herald* relates an incident which occurred in one of the schools in that city. It is as follows: A few days ago a class was being examined in the Flores street school about the geography of the State, and particularly in reference to the public institutions, etc., of Austin. But the children all forgot to mention the lunatic asylum. The teacher inquired: "Now, boys, is there not another institution at Austin, where those unfortunate persons who have been deprived of their reason are provided with permanent homes at the expense of the State?"

"Yes!" answered the class.

"What is it called?" inquired the teacher.

"The Constitutional Convention!" howled the class in chorus.

The new Diagonal Waltz is said to possess remarkable mathematical beauties. The steps directions are: Begin at the top of the last line forming the letter W, and complete the letter without turning your partner; back and advance diagonally at an angle of about forty-five degrees. Meanwhile, bug your partner as closely as she will permit, and project your elbows at an acute angle into the stomach of any awkward fellow or anxious mamma who seeks to interfere. The diagonal waltz offers a rare opportunity for a short cut into the affections of any susceptible young woman.

In spite of the reputed efforts of St. Patrick to banish snakes from Ireland, one of those animals has lately been captured there. Its head is very small, with a pointed nose; it is fully two feet long; the color of its back is black, and of its belly a pink or pigeon gray. Some persons think that it is one of a pair of snakes which were brought to the island from India some years ago by a naturalist, and escaped soon after their arrival.

A Delaware county man has cured the rheumatism by carrying a raw potato in his pocket three weeks, and he says he has recommended the remedy to his friends with similar effects. No one, therefore, should suffer with rheumatism as long as the potato crop is not a total failure. And if one potato will cure a case of rheumatism in three weeks, of course twenty-one potatoes will cure the same case in one day; but not many pockets are large enough to carry that many potatoes.

Now let our British friends hold their peace about the Yankee proclivity for business. The Derbyshire *Advertiser* lately contained the following: "Died—At Kent Terrace, July 13th, Mrs. Esther Goloman, aged one hundred years and six months. For the last year of her life she lived exclusively on Blank's Pure Extract of Meat. Country papers copy."

The latest is the Pumpkin Festival Bill of Fare. P. Pies, P. Tarts, P. Cakes—in fact every possible form, mode and show of Pumpkins—for the benefit of churches, Sunday-schools, for everything for which fairs and festivals and such are set afoot. 'Tis a Northwestern discovery and takes wonderfully.

Speaking of a new club "with home comforts," an exchange asks: "Why not have a home with club comforts?"

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

The Practical Value of Science.—When the cultivation of cochineal was introduced into the Canary Islands in 1849, the product was worth twelve francs per Spanish pound; but mainly owing to the increased use of aniline colors, first made known to the world by a German scientist, the price fell to four francs in 1870, and to two and a half francs in 1873.

Rain is caught and measured in such a way as to give what would be the depth of water on the surface if it had not soaked in or run off. An inch of rain is of more consequence than would be generally supposed. On an acre of ground it amounts to 6,272,640 cubic inches. This gives 22,622.8 gallons of water, which would fill a cistern capable of holding 360 hogsheads. Reducing it to weight, it would amount to over 113 tons.

Care in Handling Machinery.—The general thoughtless handling of machines, cleaning parts of machines while in motion, adjusting parts which should be at rest while being acted on, and other habits contracted by familiarity, should be avoided. A machine ought not to be trifled with. It has no remorse or pity. Once in its power, there is no escape with impunity. It should be managed with caution and constant care, for in dealing with machinery it is always better to be foolishly careful than foolishly careless.

Cobwebs have been applied to various uses. The delicate cross-hairs in the telescopes of surveying instruments are fine webs taken from spiders of species that are specially selected for their production of an excellent quality of this material. The spider, when caught, is made to spin his thread by tossing him from hand to hand. In case he is indisposed to furnish the article, the end is attached to a piece of wire which is doubled into two parallel lengths, the distance apart exceeding a little the diameter of the instrument. As the spider hangs and descends from this, the web is wound upon it by turning the wire around. The coils are then rummed to the wire and kept for use as required.

Remedy for Insomnia.—The simple remedy for insomnia, suggested by Mr. Frank Buckland, has attracted considerable attention, on account, at least, of its novelty. The fact that opiates, in any form, leave traces of their influence the next morning, induced him, he says, to prescribe for himself—as he has also frequently prescribed for others—onions; simply common raw onions. The well-known taste of onions is due to a peculiar essential oil contained in them, and this oil has highly soporific powers, which, in his own case, Mr. Buckland avers, never fails; if much pressed with work, and feeling an inability to sleep, his practice is to eat two or three small onions, the effect of which is magical in producing the desired repose. Such a remedy has a great advantage over the stupefying drugs commonly resorted to for this purpose, and is even preferable to the *Liquor opii sedat* and chlorodyne of medical practice.

Analyzing Sound.—A curious instrument has been exhibited before the Academy of Sciences, which is called by its inventor an "analyzing cornet." What is commonly termed sound is, as is well known, made up of an infinite number of musical notes, and these the cornet in question is designed to analyze, just as a prism separates a ray of white light into its colored components. In appearance the instrument is described as resembling a trumpet, having a mouzle to fit to the ear, instead of a mouthpiece, and furnished with holes like a clarionet. Provided with an instrument of this kind, it is said that the roaring of a cataract or the howling of a tempest may be resolved by the listener, skilled in the necessary fingering, into the softest melody, which is heard, however, by himself only.

The process of diamond-cutting is a very simple matter to those acquainted with the nature of the gem. To cut the facets two stones are cemented on two sticks and rubbed against each other until a facet is cut. The process is thus continued until the gem is faceted all over. The diamond is next placed in the hands of the polisher, who fastens it in solder, and then holds it against a small steel disk revolving horizontally with a speed of 1,500 to 3,000 times a minute. Diamond-cutting proper is a rapid operation, but the polishing is slow and tedious. One cutter can generally furnish sufficient work for four or five polishers. The two principal forms adopted by the lapidaries are the brilliant and the rose. The former was first practised in Europe in the seventeenth century, and is by far the best for calling forth the powers of the gem. The other is of unknown antiquity and has long been in use among the Hindoos.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Declined with Thanks.—Nannie and I. Woman's Trials. Bertha's Beau. Diamond Cut Diamond. Locks of Hair. Where Are Ye Gone? The Orphan's Christmas Lay.

H. M. K.—The Red Sea is a good deal larger than you seem to have any idea of. It is 1,200 miles long, its maximum breadth nearly 200 miles, its greatest depth 600 fathoms.

May.—The term "allegretto" is the diminutive of "Allegro," and is used in music to denote that the time is not so quick as in "allegro." Music so marked is played briskly, but neither quick nor slow.

J. K.—There are only two forms of divorce—one a separation from bed and board, by which neither party is free to marry again during the lifetime of the other; and the other, an absolute divorce, only the party obtaining it being allowed to marry again.

O. G. H.—The best book that we know of for self instruction in Phonography is Munson's "Complete Phonographer," which we can send you for $2.00. By its aid you can master the study of this art in from six months to a year, but it will require close application on your part.

A. F. K.—Must pluck a little more spirit; women have their battles as well as men, and each must fight her own. If a man persists in following you whom you dislike, treat him coolly; if he will not take the hint, then treat him rudely. Such a man deserves rude treatment after he shows indifference to the most intelligible hints.

S. E. W.—The change from the old to new style took place in 1752; before that the year commenced on the 25th of March. It commenced on the 1st of January, 1753, for the first time in January. Hence it is common for historians in writing of events which happened between January 1st and March 25th in any year previous to 1752 to designate the year in a double form, as 1748-9, the 9 representing the old style, and the 8 the new.

B. T. E.—Orators, like poets, are born; they are not made. A born orator may be polished by education, but education can never make a man an orator, for a large portion of education is not even oratorical. An orator must have a ready memory, and a natural facility for languages; he requires also quickness of thought, and self confidence, acquired by the consciousness of being always ready for any emergency. A knowledge of passing events is especially necessary, and a public orator must read much and see much society; his eyes and ears must be constantly acquiring knowledge.

Tillie.—If you really will be advised by us, you would not encourage the addresses of the gentleman you tell us of. A clandestine courtship—your father and mother being both averse, as you acknowledge—and the fact of his being of a different religion from you, and indifferent about that difference, saying it will make no difference, constitute a series of not very hopeful omens for a love affair. Marriage is a serious matter, in most cases; even when everything is auspicious and open, there is always some danger to be apprehended; but to venture upon such a step under such exceedingly doubtful and unpropitious surroundings would be an extremely hazardous adventure which we would earnestly advise you against. Better wait a little longer for the good time coming.

Grammarian.—"I was reading 'Alison's History of Europe' the other day, and came across the following peculiar grammatical construction. 'It was me whom they wished to assassinate.' A discussion at once arose among those present, some saying the expression was correct, others that it was not, and we agreed to refer the point to you." The sentence is not correct. It should be, "It was I whom they wished to assassinate." Assassinate governs whom, which being a relative pronoun, serves as the bridge, as it were, by which you pass from one verb to the other; *was* cannot govern. A relative pronoun agrees with its antecedent noun in gender and number, but not necessarily in case; and the following verb governs the relative pronoun, not the noun that it represents.

F. McG.—India rubber in the process of manufacturing is not, as you suppose, melted, but is passed through heated iron rollers, the heaviest of which weigh twenty tons, and thus worked or kneaded, as dough is at a bakery. The rubber is nearly all procured from the mouth of the Amazon, in Brazil, to which point it is sent from the interior. Its form, upon arrival, is generally that of a jug or pouch, as the natives use clay moulds of that shape, when they repeatedly dip into the liquid caoutchouc, until a coating of the desired thickness accumulates, when the clay is broken and emptied out. The rubber, after being washed, chopped fine, and rolled to a putty-like consistency, is mixed with a compound of metallic substances, principally white lead and sulphur, to give it body or firmness. Those sheets designed for the soles of shoes are passed under rollers having a diamond-figured surface. From these the soles are cut by hand, and the several pieces required to perfect the shoe are put together by females on a last. The natural adhesion of the rubber joins the seams. The shoes are next varnished and baked in an oven capable of holding about 2,000 pair, and heated to about 300 degrees, where they remain seven or eight hours. This is called the "vulcanizing" process, by which the rubber is hardened. A large quantity of cotton cloth and cotton flannel is used to line shoes, and is applied to the surface of the rubber while it is yet in sheets. Not a particle of any of these materials is lost. The scraps of rubber are remelted, and the bits of cloth are chopped up with a small quantity of rubber, and rolled out into a substance resembling pasteboard, to form the inner sole.

Clerk of the Weather.—"Can you explain to me the principle of the barometer, and the manner in which it is used to predict changes in the weather, coming storms, etc." The barometer as you know consists of a glass tube, about 30 inches in length, one end of which is hermetically sealed; the air is then entirely exhausted from the tube and the open end plunged into a reservoir containing mercury. Now the mean height of the barometer at the sea level is 29.92 inches, hence it follows that the whole weight of the atmosphere is equal to that of a sphere of mercury covering the whole surface of the globe, and extending to the height of 29.94 inches. This, therefore, is the normal height of the mercury in the tube of the barometer at the sea level, and any variation from this point can only be local and indicates an atmospheric disturbance at that point. If the barometer falls below 29.82 inches it shows that the atmosphere from some cause has become lighter than it should be normally at that point. The surrounding atmosphere, being heavier, of course presses toward the point where it is rare, the winds veer towards that locality and it becomes at once, the centre of an atmospherical disturbance called a storm. Thus it will be seen that the height of the barometer and the direction of the wind are most important points to be ascertained in making an observation. Experience having shown that storms travel from west to east, and a low barometer being found at a given locality, it is safe to predict that within a certain time, the length of which is also determined by experience, a similar condition of things may be expected at localities eastward of the place where the observation is made. The violence of the coming storm may also be approximated by taking into consideration the relative height of the barometer at the storm centre and at localities surrounding. If the barometer is very low at the centre and very high at places surrounding, then a serious disturbance exists and violent and dangerous winds may be expected, and if such winds prevail to-day at a point say three hundred miles from the coast, it is safe to expect that to-morrow the storm centre, following the natural law, will have travelled to or near the coast, attracting to it the surrounding winds. Hence cautionary signals are at once ordered to be displayed, and the mariner in harbor may delay his departure to sea, while the sea captain who may be near a dangerous coast, where there is no safe harbor, sees the ominous red flag, or lantern, and at once leaves the vicinity of the rocks and breakers for the open sea, where he may manœuvre his ship and outride the storm with more safety.

Miscellaneous.—Wrot.—It was his place to offer you an explanation. You must not take the initiative. Homeless.—The secret is your own; do not reveal it to any one. Such sins are purified by repentance, and the road to happiness is as open to you as to others. C. S. M.—The best way to keep dogs free from fleas is to bathe them every few days in strong soapsuds, putting a little oil of pennyroyal in the water. Marty.—Lisping is either a silly habit, or is caused by some disarrangement of the teeth. If the latter is the case, consult a dentist. C. H. G.—We can make no change at present such as you suggest, but will take it into consideration. Dion.—The custom of wearing rings belongs to a very high antiquity; it has been traced to the source of civilization, the ancient Egyptians. H. N.—It was impossible for you to know that he did not mean what he said, and you had a right to take him at his word, he must now abide the consequences of his folly. Clementina.—The preparation you speak of, if continually used, is undoubtedly very pernicious, and we would advise you not to use it. Norah.—Do not be in a hurry, on such matters prudence proceeds with caution. T. Hylton.—The best mode of learning to think systematically is to write upon a subject. Henry B.—Write again, now that circumstances are altered, but only a friendly letter. It would be much better, however, to call personally, than to write. J. Neville.—The letters L. S. are the initials of the Latin words *locus sigilli* (the place of the seal,) affixed to deeds.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*